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HBC

THE MOHAWK CHIEF.

Young." 3 vols. 12mo, cloth (backs a little discolored). London, 1857

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE FALL OF THE NAN SOUNG."

A people whose sad race is done,
Whose tribes did melt away:
As mists that in the morning sun,
Dissolve them in his ray.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

London:
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1857.

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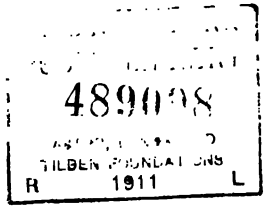
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MOHAWK CHIEF.

CHAPTER I.

To learn of peace its fair and holy creed,
The path unsmooth'd had been a task indeed,
But when love spoke with strong persuasive tongue,
How easy had that heavy task become.
All doubts had fled, and then, how speedy, soon,
The light of truth dispelled error's gloom.

WHEN first Vernon became acquainted with the price at which his freedom had been obtained, he felt annoyed, and regarded Tasharah as having imposed upon the fears of his daughter; but he soon became reconciled to him when he disco-

vered that Maria did not regard the Mohawk Chief with either repugnance or abhorrence; but had this been otherwise he was far too honorable to desire that she would disregard the faith she once had pledged. Thenceforth he acknowledged him as the accepted suitor of his child, and whilst he sought to procure his instruction in the Christian belief, he also with considerable success, directed him in other branches of study.

The reader must suppose nearly three months to have intervened between the close of our last volume and the period at which we resume our tale. During this lapse Vernon had been so fully occupied in providing for the wants of the various parties of Indians, borderers, and hunters, who were continually pouring in—for both Martin and Sure Scent had vigorously employed themselves in his absence to perform the parts allotted to them—that he had been perfectly unable to attend to the instruction of the Mohawk, and Maria in consequence had become his teacher.

The latter had no light task to perform, for although, fortunately for her, a missionary who had ventured among the Iroquois nations, had taught the young Tasharah some of the mysteries of the two accomplishments, reading and writing, yet he had never succeeded in anything beyond that, and the Indian boy, with some of the acquirements of the white, had become a warrior, as tenaciously attached to the belief of his people, as any of his fathers.

Thus though part of the difficulty had been smoothed down, and removed out of her path, that which remained to be overcome was enormous. Tasharah was indeed as willing to obtain knowledge, as Maria was to confer it; yet mixing the wild superstitions of his old creed, with the divine truths of the one he desired to embrace, he made a confusion of ideas, as puzzling to himself, as embarrassing to his instructress.

During the period of the Major's absence, the borderers and woodsmen, who had remained behind, had succeeded in some measure in restoring

the portions of his residence that had suffered, and all the rooms were now once more in a fit state to be inhabited. In one of them, that had been appropriated to the purposes of study, since the earliest dawn, had Tasharah been earnestly and unremittingly employed in his day's task. His dress had been vastly altered from the period when he was first introduced to the reader. His hair had been allowed to grow, and had rapidly availed itself of this privilege. A coat and trowsers covered his formerly naked and athletic limbs. Still there was one part of his old equipment that no persuasion could induce him to lay aside; and to the wampum belt still hung his tomahawk and knife.

A bible was before him, and in which he was studiously reading.

But now an interruption occurred, for a party of his nation, successful in a hunt to obtain provisions for the gathering, passed by at no great distance, and were proclaiming their good fortune with loud and joyous whoops. A mound com-

posed of rubbish collected from the fire, was heaped a few yards in advance of the window, which hindered the Mohawk from discerning them; and principally on this account, had Maria selected this room to give instruction to her pupil, for she considered that if Tasharah, during his hours of study, were to perceive what was passing without, it would be exceedingly probable in place of finding him poring over his book, and studying divinity, she would have to summon him from the target, or from some one of the sports that were continually proceeding, and also, that his attention would be more frequently drawn to regard what was passing outside, than it would be directed towards his task.

Her consideration was now proved to be just, for Tasharah hurried to the window, and sought to obtain a view of those whose cries he had just heard; but the mass in front prevented him.

He was returning to his seat, when his eye fell upon his rifle, so long unused, and which was

leaning in inglorious idleness against the wall. He advanced towards it, looked at it, and seemed to regard it with the pleasure of one meeting with some dear friend from whom he has been long separated. He tried the spring of the lock —a cloud passed over his face, for, from neglect the works had become stiffened, and upon the bright steel appeared some spots of rust. He glanced towards the Heavens and then at the door, considering if there was sufficient time to allow him to burnish up and clean his piece, before the entrance of his instructress. As if satisfied there was, he proceeded to unscrew the lock.

So earnestly engaged was the Mohawk at this task, that was to him anything but one of *ennui*, that he heeded not the opening of the door; and Maria had entered and observed his studies before he could conceal upon what he was employed. Tasharah felt abashed, for he experienced a sensation of shame at not having been able to resist the temptations of the life he was studying to abandon, and he imagined that, in the eyes of

Maria, his resolution must appear excessively weak.

"Are you become tired of my instructions?" she said, laughing, for she perceived his confusion, "and are you resolved henceforth to abandon my tasks? For how else is it, that when you should be seeking to learn the code of peace, I find you engaged in preparing for the one of war. Indeed, I almost think that I shall give up my undertaking, and, driven to despair, will require my father to provide some one more capable of the duty than I am. Ay! I see you are sorry for your conduct. Have you any excuse to offer me?"

"Let the fair maiden listen," replied Tasharah, recovering a little from his confusion, "the Mohawk shall tell her the truth. If a cunning man should take the rattlesnake, and say to it: 'Bite not,' then would the angry animal say: 'If you would have me at peace with you, lay not your hands upon me. If the leaping hare should say to the eagle: 'Slay me not,' the

strong bird would say: 'Let not my young ones be hungry.' When Tasharah heard the whoops of his people coming from the hunt, he looked at his rifle, and it said to him: 'Am I grown old, or have I never struck a warrior that you leave me here? Shall my brothers go to the hunt, and to battle, whilst I stay, and become as a captive bound to the stake, whose limbs grow stiff so that he cannot move?' So Tasharah took out the works that the cunning white man had made, that his rifle might not become as the captive whose limbs are very stiff."

"I will accept your excuse, and, for once, will overlook your forgetfulness to my requisitions. or rather your to› great attention to the harangues of your rifle. Have you prepared the task I appointed you, or has this detached you from all else?"

"The Mohawk has written upon the green leaf of his memory, what the fair maiden told him to: and when Jousteka first arose from his bed in the shoreless lake."

"There!" exclaimed Maria, whilst her lips pouted in displeasure; "how often have I told you never to speak in metaphor, and that it is not the sun that rises, but the world that revolving, presents it to our eyes in different positions? The sun requires no bed, for it never goes to sleep, but is continually in the heavens and when not affording its light to us, is distributing that blessing to others. You must never again say or infer that the sun sleeps."

"That is what the traditions of your fathers tell," said Tasharah, who felt again abashed at forgetting a lesson his instructress had been at much pains to induce him to remember. "The Mohawks tell their sons differently. But the white men are more cunning than the red, and their maidens know more than do the men of the forest. The white men are very cunning; they are like old owls."

"Again, you make use of your favourite metaphor," said Maria. "Try to speak as my father and the other white men do. In place

of what you uttered, you ought to have said: 'This is what the learned people of your nation say, and this what those of mine. They differ: but, as your nation is more learned than ours, I suppose that yours is right.' Endeavour for the future to speak more in this manner."

"Tasharah will try to speak as the fair maiden has told him; but the screeching eagle must learn many moons before he can speak with the tongue of the sweet mocking bird. A Mohawk has only the tongue of a warrior, he cannot speak gently as do the waters of the great lake, when Metchi Maniton is asleep, and the voice of the 'great tiger cat' is silent."

"Well!" said Maria, whilst the vexation she experienced, for the moment caused a slight and angry flush to pass over her countenance, "I suppose I must trust to time to cure you of your style of speaking. At present it seems impossible, so attached are you to your own method; I hope, however, when my father examines you that you will avoid it as much as possible."

As Maria had observed, Vernon, on this day, was to examine her pupil, for the purpose of discovering if he were sufficiently proficient to appear before a clergyman, who had lately taken up his residence in the vicinity, previous to undergoing the ceremony of baptism, that was intended to take place before the departure of the expedition which the Mohawk had insisted upon joining.

During the pause that succeeded Maria's last reproof, her father entered, who perceiving the rifle upon the table, and its various pieces lying around, understood, without requiring to put a question, what had formed the work upon which the student had been engaged, and he said,

"I suppose, Maria, your pupil has been receiving a very severe reprimand for disorderly conduct, and inattention. It appears to me as though his meditations had been neither very peaceable nor devout, or is it that he means literally to fabricate a pilgrim's staff, out of the

stock of his weapon? for I am strongly of opinion that it was something having reference to his rifle and not to his studies, that has been occupying him."

"I believe," Maria replied, "that considering himself perfect with the arms of peace, he began to think once more of those of war; but, from the excuse offered, it appears that it was not altogether his fault: it arose from old associations being recalled by the cries and sounds of some of your people. As this is the first occasion upon which I have had to reprove him, I have forgiven."

"Then since you are satisfied, I have no right to complain," said Vernon, "and if you consider your pupil sufficiently prepared, I will proceed to examine him: if you do not, I can allow him one week more."

Maria however declined this offer of her father, and the latter addressing Tasharah, who had been hurriedly putting the pieces of his rifle together, said,

"Do you consider yourself sufficiently prepared for my examination?"

"Tasharah has written the traditions of the whites in his memory. He is ready: let the white chief speak, for his son listens."

Maria gave the Mohawk a look that almost implied despair, which the latter perceiving, ashamed of the forgetfulness that had given rise to it, sunk his head upon his bosom; but the Major either did not observe, or did not consider his language of importance, for he took no notice of it, and proceeded again to question him, enquiring,

"Who made the world?"

"The Great Spirit," replied Tasharah, to the dismay of Maria, who however became more assured, when she perceived her father appeared contented with this reply.

"And for what reason did the Great Spirit become angry with man?"

"Because a cunning adder lied in his ears, and told him to do what was wrong."

"Who were the Jews?" said the Major.

"A mighty nation of brave warriors, whose whoops were very loud, whilst the Great Spirit made Areskoni their friend, and they killed many nations in battle, for their hearts were very strong; but when they did not do as the Great Spirit had told them, then grew his face as black as a cloud in the moon of storms, and he made their hearts faint, and their arms weak, so that another nation took their scalps."

"You are partly right," Vernon observed, "only the Romans did not take the scalps of their enemies whom they killed. What did the Great Spirit do, before he slew or scattered this nation?"

"He sent his son 'The Great Beaver,' to teach the wicked nation to be good, but they killed him, so the Great Spirit let them all die."

"Was the son of the Great Spirit only sent to teach the Jews to be good?"

"No," replied Tasharah, who, finding he might

answer after his own manner, felt his courage and self-confidence vastly improved, and on this account now spoke without hesitation. "He came to teach the poor Indian and white man, and all, how to do good, so that they might all go together to the happy hunting grounds."

"Rather say, heaven, in place of happy hunting grounds; and that the Saviour was sent not only to teach men how to do good, but also that what they did do wrong, might through Him be forgiven. What was it He taught men they ought to do, and what did He say was good?"

The answer to this question, as he had been taught, was most puzzling to the mind of the Mohawk to comprehend. He understood peace and good-will towards all men was inculcated; but he could not reconcile this doctrine with the enmity and dissension he had known this creed of peace to produce among his own people, nor imagine how it was compatible with the violence and bloodshed he saw before his eyes, but striving

to remember the words of Maria, he sought to reply according to their exact tenor, being afraid to trust himself.

"The Saviour told every man to help his neighbour, to be kind to all men, and to hurt no one, nor to fight; and it is only ignorant Indians and wicked Yengese and French that fight, good men never do."

Tasharah looked towards Maria, the only quarter whence he cared for approbation, and was rewarded by a smile, whilst Vernon repressed a sigh, as he considered that the inability of nations to exist without arms, was only in proportion as it was in direct opposition to the tenets of the scriptures.

"Do you remember who was Moses?" he enquired.

"A cunning mystery man of the Jews, who taught his people to make war."

"And what is the difference between the laws of the Jewish prophet and those of the Saviour?"

This formed another of the difficulties of the Mohawk; Maria had sought to explain to him how much preferable were the doctrines taught by the Saviour to those of Moses, and though Tasharah readily admitted all her arguments in favour of peace, yet he could not comprehend how it was that the torturing of Christ had not caused its reign's epoch to approach. He read before his coming, how the Jews had warred, and he still saw war around; he read that men slew one another, and were subject to the same passions then, as he knew guided them now, and that the same violence had preceded the Being who was to bring universal peace, as had existed ever since his death. Availing himself once more of the words of Maria, he replied as well as he could remember them,

"The cunning man of the Jews only taught his nation to make war, and to kill, but the son of the Great Spirit taught all men to love one another."

"I really think," observed Vernon, "that you

deserve much credit for your application, and also, Maria, that you have well performed your task, for your pupil now may boldly encounter the examination of those who are far more competent than myself to judge of his proficiency. I will speak to Mr. Marshall, and get him to appoint an early day."

"I am glad to see, father," Maria replied, "that you are satisfied; I confess that I had fears you would have found fault with the language of Tasharah, and with his manner of expressing himself."

"I do not consider much," said Vernon, "of the manner in which a reply is worded, so long as the meaning intended to be conveyed is just, and Tasharah appears to me to have been not only ready and prompt in his answers, but also to understand his subject, and I could expect no more, for he seems now so well acquainted with all that you undertook to teach him, and as I feel convinced that his knowledge could only be obtained from great application, I will propose

that you allow him some relaxation, as I require his presence among his people, who are becoming rather impatient at his being so long absent from them; you must allow him to accompany them to a hunt that is intended to take place; do you consent?"

"I am afraid," Maria replied smiling, "that were I to object my opposition would be unavailing, and therefore must give my consent. You are at liberty to take my pupil whither you will, so long as you do not keep him absent more than a reasonable period; I think I can allow him two days' leave."

"Would that be sufficient, Tasharah," said Vernon, "or do you require a longer holiday? You see your mistress is not very exacting, and if you were to press the point, you might easily have your vacation lengthened."

"When the sun shall have looked twice as he does now, Tasharah will be with the fair maiden who has made the heart of a warrior so soft that his ears love better to drink in her words, than to listen to the whoop of war."

"If you will observe this faithfully," said Maria, "I give you my full permission to go." As she spoke, she herself quitted the room, for the earnestness of the language of the Mohawk had called the mantling blood of confusion to her cheeks; her heart told her that as his utterance was strong, his words were sincere, and she felt assured that she possessed, as he averred she did, the whole of the affections of the chief.

CHAPTER II.

Young Chief of our tribe, shall thy foemen exclaim,
And taunt at thy honours, thy glory, and fame;
The panther that fiercely has thirsted for gore,
Shall we turn from the feast and taste it no more.
When we tell of the acts thy fathers have done,
Shall we pause when we speak of the deeds of their son?
No! again raise the war whoop, 'gain let thy hand
As in days that are past wave the dreaded white brand;
Track thy foes through the forest, o'er the wide plain,
And feed thee the wolf on the hearts of their slain.

THE Iroquois heard with joy, though without any noisy manifestation, that it was the intention of their hitherto successful and favourite leader to accompany them to the hunt. Few were there sceptic enough to doubt but that the power of his peculiarly friendly Maniton would

procure them abundance of game, and all were eager to set forth.

Not only had the news of the gathering brought together some of the bravest warriors and best hunters of the Mohawks, but very many had also arrived from the other nations of the Iroquois. The number of Mengwe present amounted to nearly a hundred, of whom the majority belonged to Tasharah's own peculiar tribe; and the whole had, without an effort on his part to obtain the honor, so great was his renown and popularity, ceded the command to the Mohawk Chieftain. Collecting about a score of the best and most experienced of the whites, among whom Sure Scent was included, and selecting about twice that number from his countrymen, Tasharah placed himself at their head and gave the signal to proceed.

A few paces upon one of the flanks, so as to be out of ear-shot, walked the Chief and the old hunter, at first in silence. The former was expecting the other to speak upon a subject that

lay near his heart, and etiquette forbade him, without some particular reason, from addressing himself to one so much his senior, and so highly and justly celebrated on account of his knowledge and experience. The old man upon his part hesitated before he spoke; he wished not to pain one whom he regarded with all the affection of a father, and the conflict between his inclination on the one hand, and what he considered to be his duty on the other was great. After a considerable lapse of time a most violent attack upon his former pupil's weakness terminated in a sigh.

Seeing, from his manner, that something was hanging upon the breast of his companion of which the latter was desirous of delivering himself, and being anxious to know his opinion of the connexion he was about to form, Tasharah observed, speaking in his own language, which was that used throughout the whole of the following conversation—for the old hunter was far more familiar with the Indian dialect than with

his own, having associated with that people more than with his fellow white men—

"The heart of my father is heavy, let him tell to his son what it is that makes him sorry. Has his thunder lied? Let him take a Mohawk's that has slain many an enemy among the Piquots and among the Illynois, and whose tongue has been heard by the white men, the foes of the Yengese? Does he want lightning? See, Tasharah has enough for himself, and for him who taught him to be a warrior. Is he beginning to be old, and would like a lodge? The wigwam of the Leaping Panther of the Iroquois shall be his."

"My heart indeed is heavy as the tread of the moose," replied the hunter in a sorrowful tone, "yet, my thunder has its tongue clean; in my bag is plenty of the lightning, and my limbs are as strong as those of a buffalo, so that I feel not cold, nor wish for a wigwam. It is a different thing that makes the heart of an old man sad. He has lived to see an eagle of war be-

come a dove—the leaping panther become a hare. He has seen the young warrior he taught to bend a bow, to speak with the thunder, to eat the hearts of his enemies, to take scalps upon his first war-path—he has seen him, from when the sun first raised his head out of the shoreless lake, until he sank again into the other shoreless lake, sitting with a woman. Does not the timid deer laugh at the Mohawk warrior who has put his petticoats on?"

The Chief answered not for some time. He felt abashed at the rebuke of the old man. His heart confessed the reproof, though bitter, was deserved; and he perceived how easy, and how possible it was to construe his love into weakness. Ashamed of the picture that his old preceptor in the art of war had, as he considered, but too faithfully drawn, all the very many specious arguments with which he had hitherto succeeded in concealing from himself the true nature of his conduct, seemed at once to have deserted him, and left him without defence o

any description. After some reflection, he remembered a few of the excuses by which he had once proved to himself he was perfectly right, and said,

"Let my father listen. Is not Tasharah a warrior? is not his whoop loud? Who can count so many scalps as he in their lodge? He is one of the Chiefs, and a very great war Chief among the brave nations of the Iroquois. But, if the red men are brave, are not the white men brave also? Did not my father take scalps before he had seen twenty summers, and he is of the nation of the Yengese? But the red men are cunning only for war. Can they make the thunder of the pale faces, or where is the lightning they have made? The white men can make all these, and much more. Tasharah said, See how the white men increase as leaves in the moon of buds; but the red men fall as the leaves when the spirit of cold begins to blow. The Manitons of the white men are stronger than the Manitons of the red. Shall I be as the withered

oak that bears no fruit? Shall I have no sons? For, if I take a red maiden to my lodge, and if in my whittuck there be young wolves, the white men, who are stronger than they, will get their land, and they shall fall under the knife of the stranger; but, if I have a son by a white maiden, he shall raise his knife among the nations and be strong, for he will have the Manitons of the white men, and the Manitons of the red, to be kind to him; and he will strike with the tomahawk of his father. Then Tasharah looked upon a white maiden, and she was very fair. Her hair was as dark as that of a maiden of the tribes of the forest; her eyes are as the light when the great eagle looks angry; her face is as the sky in the moon of calms; she walks as the deer upon the plain; she is very beautiful. Then Tasharah spoke in his own bosom, and said, Would that the fair maiden would smile; and the Great Spirit heard him, and the fair maiden smiled; and, when a Mohawk can call upon her spirit, as she calls, then will she be in his lodge.

He will have sons to raise the whoop of their father, and to take the scalps of their enemies. He will not be as the withered oak that bears no leaves."

The Mohawk had become so excited that he did not observe the grief depicted upon the weather beaten countenance of his companion, who walked at his pupil's side, now almost convinced that the state of the latter was hopeless; and who would willingly, to have won him from what he considered shame and disgrace, have laid down as a sacrifice his own life. The old man, though he considered the prospect of success so small, determined still to make an effort, nor as yet to give up entirely all hopes of reclaiming him. With this view he spoke,

"My son, listen. Many have been the years to teach me wisdom. The snows of very many winters passed in the wilderness, and the heats of very many summers of the forests have I felt. I have seen saplings become strong oaks, and to dare the strongest winds in their pride of

strength, and, presently, I have seen them become lower than the grass they once shaded. True, has my son said, the red men fall as do the leaves in the moon of cold. True does he say, the white men increase as the leaves in the moon of buds. He did not lie, when he said, they are far more cunning than the red men, for are they not even more cunning than the adder or than the great owl? They see that the lands of the men of the forest are good, and they say, Let us get them. They give to the red men rum to take his head away, and lightning to kill his brothers, the other red men, with. If the nations of the land of the Great Hare begin to grow weak, it is because they want braves. Let my son become a warrior again, and take off the petticoats of a girl. If he be slain in battle, his enemy will say, This is a painted white man, for where is his scalp lock that a warrior may take his scalp by? His hair is long, and he has none. This man is of the pale faces. He thought to frighten us, and painted

as a warrior. Let my son return among his people, and teach them not to raise the tomahawk for the Yengese, and to bury it with the French; and then shall his nation become great, and will have many warriors to chase the stranger far away from their hunting grounds."

After some time the Mohawk replied, referring to his dress, for he had again resumed in every respect his Indian garb, with the exception of his hair, the which he was under a promise to allow to grow, "Is not the Mohawk properly painted for war? Are there not some of the tribes whose hair is long? Let my father say, when he hears the rifle of his son speak, if his bullet goes not as straight as it used."

Perceiving, by this answer, to contend any longer at present would be useless, the old hunter proceeded in silence, wondering to himself how it had occurred that so fine an Indian as Tasharah had been, could have become—as he regarded the Chief—so spoiled and worthless. After some reflection, he came to the conclusion

that it was owing to the mixture of white blood in the Mohawk's veins that he had conceived such a partiality for the customs of a people so at variance with those of his own, and he determined to watch the Chief to detect if possible some fault in his arrangements in Indian craft; and then by an appeal to his pride, wean him, before it should be too late, from what the old man regarded as mistaken notions.

Arrived at the spot where the sport was to commence, Tasharah, having appointed a rendezvous, gave the signal for breaking up, and without word or remark, the whole body divided into parties, varying in numbers as it suited the tastes of the hunters to pursue their occupation singly, or in company, and scattered themselves, intent to destroy those who alone, until this period, had claimed with them a participation in the forest.

Sure Scent, the Mohawk Chief, and three of his countrymen proceeded together into the wood, and, after they had gone some distance,

came upon a fresh deer-track, which they followed swiftly, so as to prevent any others preceding them, and hindering them from obtaining the prey. Presently Tasharah, who led the way, caused the party to halt, and prepare for execution.

Cautiously passing through one of the forest glades, they came within sight of a herd of deer, who were reposing and feeding in perfect security; but this appearance of confidence seemed owing to their knowledge that no enemy could approach to disturb them without their being forwarned of his neighbourhood. Two or three of their number, placed as sentries, were grazing around, about a score of yards from the main body, now cropping a small portion of the herbage, and now trotting over their beat, snuffing the air, and seeking to discover their foes.

Carefully approaching to leeward, and availing themselves of the shelter offered by the bushes and the trunks of trees, Tasharah and his companions came within about the third of a rifle shot. The Chief and Sure Scent, took up their

position together in the same bush, and awaited a short period to allow the others also to place themselves.

Partly divining the thoughts that were occupying his companion's mind, the Mohawk raised his rifle at a deer, who seemed half conscious of their presence, and was snuffing towards them, as though suspecting all was not perfectly right in that quarter, and yet was uncertain about giving the alarm. Confident of frustrating what he knew were rather the wishes of the old hunter, he took his aim with care, but he noticed not the smile that crossed the other's countenance, or he might have hesitated. He pulled the trigger, but no explosion followed his doing so. He had forgotten to prime his piece. Casting his eyes upon his old preceptor, he was abashed at the expression, half of anger, half of pain, he read in the hunter's countenance, and he inwardly confessed, that his late absence from the field had considerably impaired and diminished his skill in his craft.

"Speak with this," whispered Sure Scent, placing his own weapon in the Mohawk's hands, and desirous of guarding the reputation of his pupil from the suspicion of having failed; for he knew the contempt that would be annexed to such an act, as the pulling the trigger of an unprimed weapon; and whilst he arranged for himself the chief's piece, he observed, "Strike him in the eye."

Starting at the click of the rifle, and not liking the unusual noise, seeming to consider it ominous of mischief, the antlered sentry, raising his nose in the air, stood regarding the ambush of his enemies. Satisfied there was danger, he turned to warn his comrades; and whilst tossing his head back, the fatal lead buried itself in his throat. Leaping up at the report, the herd for one instant huddled together, but sufficiently long to allow four others to receive their death-blows; and then following their leader, who had discovered on which side was the danger, they trotted away in his wake. Though Tasharah

had slain his beast, he had missed striking him in the particular spot indicated by the hunter, and nothing could exceed the grief the latter experienced at this new failure of his pupil.

Loaded with provisions, the Indians returned home, fully convinced, that neither the craft nor fortune of their leader, had in the least suffered by the close connexion he had formed with the whites; and those among his followers, who at first starting had been inclined to disapprove of it, now, with a revolution of feeling, from perceiving their success, applauded him for it, and expected, from his having gained the white Manitons to his side, that their nation would be still farther blessed. How far Tasharah, or the old hunter, joined in this opinion, the reader may easily conceive.

CHAPTER III.

My heart is weak, but still my arm is strong:
Which of my foes would dare defy its power?
Sweet, as excels the bird of mocking song
Amid her comrades in the forest-bower,
Is she, who o'er my heart hath cast a chain,
And firmly holds me by the strongest spell;
Yet, is it bondage sweeter for its pain,
And binds in dungeons where I e'er would dwell.
I would not for the world that I were free,
Nor break one link that forms the pleasant bond,
Though the cord were broke, 'gain I'd seek to be
Submitted to the fair enchantress' wand.
Around me there is flung a flower-wreath,
And proud am I of the soft chains I bear.
I would not, though at forfeit of my breath,
Be freed from this sweet livery I wear.

As soon as Tasharah returned, he arrayed himself in his civilised garb; and, the instant that his attendance to the equitable division of the

provisions he had brought would allow him, he hurried to the Major's house, having with him some eagle's feathers as a present to Maria, and entered the room a short time before his allotted period to be absent expired.

"Returned!" said Maria, looking up and smiling, "You are exact to your time, and I shall not feel disinclined to trust you again. But they have been seeking for you while you have been absent. I am sure that you must often have observed the solitary house upon the hill, its owner Mr. Neil— But why do you look so, when I speak of him?" enquired Maria, for an expression of passion crossed over and darkened the countenance of the Mohawk, as she mentioned this name.

"Neil is a Yengese liar," replied the Chief. "He called himself a Mohawk, and slew a mother of my people. Did not the mother of Tasharah die at his door?"

"Surely you would not injure him for this?" said Maria, surprised at this outbreak in one

who generally appeared so calm. "Whatever he did wrong, he was incited to through the influence of passion. Still, however, he is your parent, and you should both pardon him, and forget what he did."

"He is my father," Tasharah replied, "and the hand of his son is still. Did he not thrust my mother from his dwelling, when he had been welcomed among the lodges of her people?"

"Is this," enquired Maria, "the result of all the lessons of forgiveness and good-will that I have been endeavouring to teach you, that you can harbour resentment even against your own father? If you have, in reality, any respect for my wishes, immediately seek to forgive him, and to banish all animosity from your breast."

"Tasharah has heard the voice of the fair maiden, and will do as she has said," replied the Mohawk, dismissing the storm from his countenance as quickly as it had arisen.

"At first," said Maria, smiling, for she had been pleased at the readiness with which she was

obeyed, " I felt inclined to be angered with you, for I was discouraged at perceiving how little you had meditated upon my lessons; but now that you have promised amendment, I forgive you. Your father has been taken very ill, and having sent for mine, asked him to procure your presence. You must proceed at once, or you will be accused of purposely lingering from his death-bed."

" Tasharah does not wish to look upon the face of the slayer of his mother," the Mohawk replied, in vain seeking to conceal his disinclination for the visit.

The reply of Maria was hindered by the entrance of Mr. Marshall, the clergyman, whom we mentioned before as having settled himself near the residence of the Major; and who was not one of those who, in assuming the garb of a minister of the church, forget what is far more essential—the spirit.

He had been at one period the contented curate of a small parish, until, by having attracted

the notice of one in power, who happened accidentally to be passing through the village wherein he officiated, he became, undesired by himself, elevated to a bishopric, in which situation his talents fully bore out the justice of the act of his patron.

Whilst yet he formed the sought for wonder, and his star blazed brightly, many were the gifts in his power; and he conferred them only where he considered them deserved, without in the least considering himself. In the course of time, his patron became suspected of disaffection, and was forced to fly, and he himself speedily shared in his friend's disgrace. His honest words of indignation at the undeserved persecution of his protector, were eagerly taken hold of. Some letters of his—for, in spite of the prohibition to the contrary he still persisted in corresponding with him—whom he regarded as a suffering exile without cause—were seized; and for this he was degraded from being a minister of Christ, and exiled his native land.

Alike as unaffected by his reverse of fortune as by his elevation, Mr. Marshall had retired to the American wilds. The Major, upon his very first offer, gladly accepted his services; and, having presented him a house with a portion of ground, had been about to erect a small church, when the builders were summoned from the temple of peace to make their offerings at the shrine of war.

Having perceived the return of the hunters from their expedition, Vernon had been in momentary expectation of the arrival of Tasharah; but, from some oversight, the message had not been delivered to the Chief, and the first intimation he had received of it had been from Maria. As time pressed, and as he rather feared this absence was intentional, he had sent Mr. Marshall to summon both his daughter and the Chief, for well knowing the power that his child possessed over the latter, he imagined that she would be far more efficacious in bringing about a reconciliation, than either himself or the clergyman,

Not only had Mr. Marshall to bring with him Tasharah and Maria, but also to procure the attendance of Sure Scent; and, after a short period—during which Maria prevailed over the unwilling Indian—he found himself, to his great satisfaction, proceeding, with the whole of the party he had been commissioned to fetch, towards the residence of Mr. Neil.

When the door opened and the visitors entered, they found the couch of the fast dying and repentant man, attended only by Vernon. The room wore that appearance of gloom and dejection, so peculiar and invariable to the abode of sickness, as to cause one who passed through it, by that alone informed, to tread as lightly as possible, that he might not disturb the tenant of the uneasy bed.

A smile of pleasure as the presence of his son, so long unnoticed during his hours of health, was communicated to him by his friend, crossed the countenance of him, whose spirit already was half fled to other realms, and he beckoned for him to approach.

"The face of his mother," muttered Neil, as he surveyed his son's features, and, with a sudden inspiration of strength, he raised himself from his pillow to view him more closely; but, as he spoke, he again sunk back exhausted by the effort: and, closing his eyes, he appeared meditating on days gone by and hours misspent. "Poor thing," he continued, venting his thoughts audibly, "how ill did I repay you for your affection!" Here, for a few seconds, he paused, and then resumed in a still louder key, "My pride! Aye, on my death-bed, I curse my foolish pride, that slew a woman because she loved me, and had also nearly caused me to add to this another crime. Would that I could recall that moment! Why cannot I? It seems as though I again recall that night. Why are not those minutes, so clearly present to my mind, once again at my disposal? Then should I not require a stranger to smooth my pillow, nor now in my last hours seek my son, whom I—" He stopped, but thought still seemed busy in the hidden recesses

of his bosom, for his countenance was convulsed with varying emotions, as though he would thus give utterance to remembrances, too painful to be otherwise expressed, and which now thrust themselves upon him with a vividness it was impossible to pretend not to see, or to avoid beholding.

Tasharah was moved at this picture of his parent's emotion. He had come, out of obedience to Maria, his spirit burning with anger against the being to whom he was indebted for his life; but now, when he stood before his father, and saw the damp dews of death rapidly begin to collect upon his brow; heard that voice which, it was too evident, ere long would become for ever hushed; and gazed upon him so shortly to become food for the worm, and sport for the vilest and most loathsome things that crawl, nature asserted her supremacy. Over the usually unmoved countenance of the Mohawk, there came an expression of bitter grief and anguish, whilst his feelings found vent in words.

"Let not the heart of my father be sorry, for the great spirit of his people shall forgive him; and the mother of Tasharah shall smile upon him, when she sees the father of a warrior hastening to the 'happy hunting-grounds;' and the warriors of my nation will be happy, for they will say, 'Here comes a brave who has taken many scalps.' Let the heart of my father be light as the step of a maiden, for he shall not go to the 'happy hunting-grounds' with an empty hand. His son will give to him a horse, and meat, and a rifle of the white men; and the scalps of Piquots shall he have, that, when he goes on his weary way, the spirits of strong men may help him."

Neil re-opened his eyes at this address of the Mohawk. The words had fallen upon his ears, and found their way to his heart. It was too full to allow him to speak; but in his gaze was expressed more than could be uttered. He extended his hand, wasted from the excess of vigil

and of sickness. Without hesitation his son had grasped it. The springs in the breast of the hard warrior became opened: his emotions, so long controlled, burst their bonds ; and he, who had never before shed a tear, now laid his head upon his father's pillow, and fairly wept. The tears coursed each other down the cheeks of Maria; and even the old hunter, Sure Scent, afterwards confessed, that never since he first handled a rifle did he feel such an odd sensation in his throat.

Mr. Marshall was the first to break the silence, and addressed himself to Neil, for he was anxious that all things earthly should, as soon as possible, be removed from off the mind of the latter, lest the performance of any particular duty should in the least prevent him, when the moment of dissolution should be arrived, from meeting it in a proper state; and, as he considered the observations he had heard fall from the son were any thing but of an orthodox nature, he desired to prevent their being repeated, by

taking away the necessity for the presence of the utterer.

" Sir," said the clergyman, " you desired the presence of your son for other purposes than this. The moments are fast flying, and we have much to do against the arrival of the awful moment. You have yet to make us acquainted with your wishes, which, with the permission of the Lord, shall be fulfilled as far as rests in our power."

" Does a warrior weep, like a girl who has lost her lover?" said Sure Scent, who in part perceived the designs of the clergyman, and also wished to cause the Mohawk to recollect himself; for the old man classed sorrowing, so far as to betray it visibly, among the disgraces of a brave, and he was jealous of his pupil's reputation.

" You are right," the dying man replied, " I have yet much to do. Yet to do all that lies in my power to remedy my fault, and to merit forgiveness. I have yet to offer to my son some

atonement for a life of neglect; though heaven can bear me witness, how often, and how severe has been the struggle between my pride and natural affection. Vernon, you have been my friend, and my heart has before this frequently acknowledged you as such: will you promise me to observe, as far as is in your power, my last requests?"

"I will," said the Major, unhesitatingly.

"I know you will, Vernon, and doubt not you will faithfully observe the word you have given," said Neil, whose voice now began to grow faint and fatigued; for a moment he paused to recover strength. "When my life," he continued, "is fled, remember, I have fully acknowledged Tasharah as my son, and leave to him all of what I die possessed. The necessary papers, properly drawn out and signed, you will find in one of the drawers of yonder table. As, however, he is unacquainted with the manners of the whites, he would be, if unadvised by some firm true friend, deceived by the people with

whom I would have him mingle." Again did Neil pause, and this time longer than on the preceding occasion: having recovered himself, he resumed the expression of his wishes, but in a far weaker and more interrupted tone. "I would that you should become his protector—that he may—I know his engagements with your daughter—is she here?"

"This is my daughter," said the Major, placing one of Maria's hands in the disengaged one of his friend, who, joining it to that of his son, continued:

"I would, Vernon, that these should be connected as you intended. My son, will you take this maiden to your bosom?" he enquired of Tasharah, who replied:

"Tasharah is ready to take the fair maiden to his bosom, when the white-headed chief shall say to him, 'Take her.'"

"And do you object to become the partner of my son? To make happy the heart of a dying father, let me hear your answer." Maria,

stooping, whispered her reply, and Neil again smiled.

"I am happy," he said; but, then suddenly pausing, as though some doubt had crossed his mind, he enquired, "Where is the old hunter, Sure Scent? I would also have him tell me, this is my son—that you are not deceiving me, to ease my pillow."

"I guis I'm here," said the old hunter, speaking for himself; "and 'sides that, am pritty sartain this here is Tasharah; and if the babby you gave me a good many moons past was yours, why this is him, and a fine boy and riglar warrior he is. If you'd seen how he took the scalps of the screeching Piquots on his furst path—Why he's gone!" suddenly exclaimed Sure Scent, arresting himself in the midst of an harangue he was about to deliver on the merits of his pupil; for, having heard this confirmation of his son's identity, Neil had fallen backward, and whilst, to the eyes of the other spectators, he but seemed to muse, those of the old hunter,

more familiar with its appearance, had discovered the presence of death.

A small burying ground had been prepared, and in it a spot formed to receive its first tenant. Thither at noon, on the second day after the event just narrated, repaired a numerous cortege of all the Indians, hunters, and woodsmen in the neighbourhood, who attended at the burial of the deceased, either from considering him one of their nation, or out of respect for the son, who headed the procession.

Upon a palanquin, composed of branches, and borne upon the shoulders of two hunters and of two Mohawks, was laid the corpse of the late Neil, dressed in the most showy and glittering habiliments his wardrobe could produce; and which, according to the opinion of the priests, who, in spite of the strenuous opposition of Mr. Marshall, had had the direction of this part of the ceremony, he must have prized most. Immediately after the body, came Tasharah and Sure Scent, who were followed by several In-

dians, bearing portions of the warrior's equipment that Neil had preserved, and leading a small pony. A black slave had had a very narrow escape of being included here, and immolated with the animal; but the project coming to the ear of the clergyman, he succeeded in withdrawing the negro, half dead from terror, away from his prospect of such undesirable companionship. After these came the mass of mourners, who, walking two and two, brought up the procession.

Mr. Marshall had, at first, seriously objected to performing the service of the church over the dead, if the Indians should mingle with the ceremony any of their superstitious practices, or should attempt to place any thing more in the grave than was customary; but he had, finally, submitted to the arguments of Vernon, who observed, that, if he refused to bury the deceased, the Indians would immediately perform that rite entirely after their own customs, and thus would the body be deprived of all advantage from rest-

ing in holy ground; and it would matter but little, whether the corpse rotted in an ordinary winding sheet, or in gayer apparel. As to the pony, its death had been resolved upon; and whether prayers were read over its master or not, it would decidedly partake of his grave. Admitting this in part, and perceiving that his opposition would be useless, Mr. Marshall had at last consented to perform his functions, merely requesting, the the blood of the animal should not be spilled whilst he might be present.

Dressed in his robes of white, and having Vernon to assist him in the responses, the clergyman read the service for the dead, which being completed, he retired, that he might not sanction by his presence what he knew was about to follow, and which he was alike unable to prevent or approve.

As soon as he was gone, all present crowded round the grave, and the Indians, whose duty it was, advanced and cast in their various articles,

accompanying each present with a short address.

"Soul of the Yengese who became a warrior, and painted himself as a Mohawk, thou shalt not go with an empty hand to the land of spirits. Here is a tomahawk, with which to strike the soul of the coward and flying Piquots."

"The way is long," said another, "and the path to the dwelling of the Great Spirit is not even. Thy feet are tender, and will be cut. Here is a pair of mocassins, so that thou mayest not be wounded."

"The journey is very far," said a third. "The dead warrior must pass through where it is very cold. His path is by the hunter's star, and the lake that is always frozen. Let him take a blanket, that the Spirit of Cold may not breathe upon him."

"Far distant is the path to the happy hunting grounds, and a warrior will meet no deer to kill, nor any bear to eat," said a fourth. "When he walks where only the wind of snow is

felt, and hears only its blasts, let him eat of this 'pemmican.' Then shall his legs neither grow faint nor weary, but he shall be strong as a young buffalo; and when he gets to the land where there is much deer, he will be able to say to his brothers, 'I am strong: let us to the hunt.'"

"Where will a warrior, when he is tired, and has seated himself upon a rock, get tobacco to smoke with, if his friends do not give him any? Here is tobacco—let a warrior smoke on his journey."

"The path is very long, but a warrior will cross it after many moons; and when he comes to the happy hunting-grounds, he will find there much beaver, and buffalo, and moose, and deer, and very many bears. Let him take the rifle, that the cunning white man made, and let him strike his meat and feast as a warrior."

"How many days' journey is it to the land of the spirits? Can any one tell?" said a priest, leading the pony to the margin of the grave,

" Let my brother listen. A warrior will take a great many suns to go, and his legs would be weary if he walked. Let the pale face who became a warrior, and put on the paint of the Mohawks, let him look behind and be glad, for he shall ride. As the priest finished, he drew his knife across the throat of the animal, which he pushed, struggling in the agonies of death, into the grave.

The ceremony was now completed, with the exception of what Tashurah had himself to offer, and, for this purpose, the Mohawk advanced to the brink of the last resting place of his father, and chaunted in a low tone the following:

" Let my father turn back. Let him listen, for it is his son who calls. Let my father turn back upon his path, and listen to his son. My father was a very brave warrior: who can tell the number of scalps he took, and who can tell how often his whoop has sounded among the lodges of his enemies? His son is a very great chief, and very brave; but he is a girl, and a

trembling hare to his father. Tasharah is very swift, swift as the fleet deer; but he is a heavy buffalo to his father, who could fly as the strong wind. Can any of my warriors fire the rifle of my father as he fired it? No: they cannot, for he was a very great brave. Who says that he will be tired, or that the legs of the buffalo will be wearied? But the warrior must not go to the happy hunting-grounds as a coward of the Piquots, who has never looked in the face of a brave. Let the Piquots, from whom his son took these scalps, let them serve him, and find him wood for his fire, and water to quench his thirst. Let them carry for him what he slays. Let them lift upon their shoulders the heavy moose, and let them bear for him the meat of buffaloes, till their backs break."

As Tasharah concluded, he cast into the grave his offering, that consisted of a bundle of scalps; and then, turning away, he left his followers to complete the funeral rites.

Quitting the scene, the Mohawk hurried to the

wood, for the purpose of communing with himself; and, hoping to profit by his pupil's present disposition, Sure Scent followed, and came up with him, whilst he was pondering, how far he was justified in deserting his people, together with their creed, to become one of a different nation, and embrace a doctrine that appeared to him so incomprehensible and contradictory, and to a belief in which he in vain sought to reconcile himself. The death of his father had excited him to meditation, and caused him to hesitate before he sacrificed all for his love.

"The soul of my son is in a cloud," said the hunter in the Indian tongue, "and his face is as though the wind of storms was in his bosom. Let him whisper in the ears of an old man, whose hair is very white, and he will take council with the Mohawk warrior, what he shall do."

"Let my father listen to the words of his son. Can an eagle become a dove, or a wolf a coward hare? Can a Mohawk warrior become a white

man, and sow in the land where lay the bones of the fathers of his people?"

"And what does the heart of my son say?" enquired the hunter.

"The pale maiden has caused his heart to be very weak. She has made a warrior's breast unlike those of the rest of the braves that belong to his nation. She is very beautiful. More beautiful than any of the daughters of the Iroquois, or than any of the daughters of the red men. Tasharah cannot take council with his own soul, for the fair maiden has stolen it. Let the old man, whose hair is grey, speak to his son the words of wisdom."

"Listen! Tasharah is now a brave and a mighty warrior, though I saw him when but a weak papoose. Let him say himself if he can become a white man; his heart is strong, and he is a great war chief, but he is not subtle as the adder, he is not cunning as the creeping snake; can he lie? He cannot, for he is a warrior, and his heart is on his tongue. Can he live

among the lodges of the white man? If a pale face raises his hand and strikes him, will he bite deadly as the rattle-snake, or will he say the pale face did well to strike the foolish red man who believed your people? If my son should do as a warrior should, and send the spirit of the white man to the land where his fathers are, will not the other Yengese say: come let us slay the red man who has killed our brother? Then my son will be among the lodges of the pale faces, and though his arm is strong, they will slay him."

"Tasharah has been among the lodges of the white men," the Mohawk replied, seeking to combat the unpalatable advice of his preceptor, "yet they struck him not. Wherefore when a warrior shall take a fair maiden to his wigwam, will her brothers strike him?"

"How can the red man know the ways of the white? let him listen to the words of an old hunter, who, though his skin be white has a red heart. When my son has taken a fair maiden to

his bosom, and her father shall have gone to join in the dances of the spirits in the far land beyond the ever-frozen lake, then will much land be his; will he take a spade and dig like the other white men; or will he not wish to hear the cry of the hunters? When the white men see how good is his land, they will take it from him. Let not my son become a Yengese, lest his enemies be glad when they hear no more his whoop of war."

"But the heart of Tasharah is soft; it cleaves to the fair maiden as a fawn does to its mother. If he become a white man, he will meet her again in the land of Spirits when she dies."

The old hunter after a short period of consideration, replied,

"Are not the white men all liars? why does my son believe them? do they not tell him not to steal, and where is the land of his fathers? will they not soon have taken away all that remains of the hunting grounds of his people? do they not tell him not to slay, and yet take from

him his bow and arrows that were as the dove, and give to him the thunder that is as the eagle, and kills so many in battle? they tell him not to get drunk, and who is it gives him the rum? is it not the white man? They tell him not to lie nor to do wrong, yet who teaches him to be wicked?"

"The Yengese is a cunning liar," continued Sure Scent, who considered that even to traduce his own lineage, was better than to see his pupil change his character. "The Yengese say the Great Spirit is angry when murder is done, and when the Indian asks what did the Great Spirit mean, they tell him the Great Spirit will be very angry if he kill a Yengese, but he may take his gun, and his knife, and his tomahawk, and slay as many of the French and of the other red men as he can; and the Great Spirit will not be angry if he give the land of the slain to our people. Let my son say if it is not thus that the Yengese lie? If so, why does he believe them?"

"My father has spoken very cunningly, what can his son say?" the chief replied, "the white men are very wicked, much more wicked than the Indian, who they say they will teach to do good; but let my father say if the fair maiden is not very beautiful? has she not taken away the soul of a warrior? what can he do?"

"If," said the hunter, "the Piquots had fastened my son to the stake, and were going to torture him would he cry? is it harder for a Mohawk warrior to return among his people, to the hunt, and to sound his whoop of battle, than to bear when the sharp thorns are thrust into his body? Is it more difficult for a warrior to flee from the maiden who would make him a woman, than to sing his death song? Does he like a girl's face better than that of a warrior? Is it more easy for him to laugh at the tortures of the Piquots, than to think of a girl?"

"Let my father listen, Tasharah could laugh at the tortures of the Piquots, and sing in their

ears the victories of his people, for whilst he counted the scalps in his wigwam he would not feel; but his soul belongs to the fair maiden; when he is not with her she runs many thorns into him; if he counts his scalps, he thinks how dark is her hair; if he looks in the heavens, he thinks how fair is her face; if he looks upon the hunter's star, he thinks how bright are her eyes."

"The Piquots will laugh," said the hunter, "when they hear that the leaping panther of the Iroquois has put his petticoats on; they will send their women to bind the Mohawk who once made all their nation afraid."

"Let all the braves of the Piquots come; they will be as rats warring with the buffalo," replied the Indian proudly, for Sure Scent had forgotten his policy, and by referring to the risk his pupil would run, had excited the resolution of the latter.

From his intimate knowledge of the Mohawk's

character, the old man knew further combating would be useless, and he quitted the chief, putting off farther attempt to shake his determination until a short period should have allayed his effervescence.

CHAPTER IV.

Leda with terror view'd th' uplifted knife,
Descend it swiftly, at the loved one's life.
" Spare him," she cried; and as her prayer was made,
Mid in its course the threat'ning weapon stay'd.
Now, at his new found prey, the ruffian leaps:
Vain are her struggles, and as vain her shrieks.
Rais'd on his steed, one arm her waist has clasp'd,
Whilst, in the other, firm the reins are grasp'd.
Freed from restraint, the courser seems to fly:
So swift the passing objects flit them by.

THE day, previous to the one on which the Mohawk was regularly to be admitted within the pale of the Christian church, arrived; for Mr. Marshall, having examined Tasharah, had pronounced him sufficiently acquainted with the holy mysteries of the religion he desired to adopt; and another clergyman, who resided at

some distance, had, without difficulty, been prevailed upon to officiate—Vernon considering, that, as Mr. Marshall, though fully capable, was not properly qualified to perform the ceremony, it would be far preferable to obtain the presence of one who was both.

For the first time, Maria had wandered forth with the Chief, alone; and the time, unnoticed and unobserved by either, had slipped rapidly away, whilst the former was explaining to the Mohawk some parts of the religion, of which he was so soon to become a member: for the observations of the hunter still remained in the bosom of the latter; and Maria found there was still much to be done, before he could properly be considered a believer.

"My countrymen," she replied, in answer to an observation of the Mohawk, "have not stolen the lands of your people, but have bought them. Whenever any of the nations, bordering upon our settlements, have been inclined to sell their possessions, they have always fairly observed

their part of the agreement, and paid to your people whatever they justly required. It has been the fault of your own tribes, if they consented to accept what was not the full value of what they gave, or a fair equivalent in exchange for their inheritance."

"The fair maiden speaks well," said the Mohawk; "but let her say if the pale faces are not far more cunning than the red men? The hearts of the men of the forest are upon their tongues. The white men said to our fathers, whilst they were strong: 'Give us a little land, that we may sow in it, and eat; and we will give to your people plenty of good rum.' Then the Indian said, for his hand is always open whilst anything is in his lodge, 'take a little of the land of my fathers.' Then they gave to our people rum, and they saw not, for their heads were gone, and their souls taken away. When their spirits had come back again, they saw that the white man had taken a great deal of their land; and that very many of his brothers had come to

join him, and that he was become very strong. Then your nation said to ours: 'Give us more land, and we will give you rifles, and lead, and blankets; but if you will not, we will take both it and the scalps of your nation and of your children.' What could the red man say? Then were the graves of his fathers sown over, and the tombs of our chiefs put away. When the red man had used up all his powder, and all his lead, and all his beads to make pretty things to give to the whites, for the hand of a red man loves to be open; and when his blanket was worn away, he went to the white man, and said, 'I am hungry—give me to eat; for you sow upon the graves of our fathers, and have the land of their sons.' Was the hand of the white man open then? No! it was closed, and he told the Indian to be gone. Are not my words true?"

"I do not mean to say," replied Maria, "but that many of your people have been treated harshly; and do not wish to deny, but that a few of mine have deviated from their agree-

ments; but you do not mean to accuse all of having been alike dishonest?"

"Among the red men," said the Mohawk, "there are a few who are not good. There are some who forget to worship the Great Spirit, and some who are cowards, and some who are liars; but they are very few. Among the white men, many are the wicked. The bad of your people are as the good among mine."

"This is in part true according to your manner of judging," observed Maria; "for remember, Tasharah, there are many things that you consider wrong, and which a white man would say is right; and nearly all that you consider right, we say is right also. For instance, with you, if one is struck or offended, and does not retaliate upon the person who has harmed him, you consider him a coward, and as having done wrong, whereas his conduct would be perfectly justified by us: it being one of the necessary requisitions with us to form a good man, that not only should mildness, forgiveness, and peace be

professed, but also practised; and if one offends you to bear with his injustice. You are required to worship, and pay a suitable adoration to the Great Spirit, or supreme Being, who created all, and in this we all agree. Thus it is more easy to be good according to the doctrines you have been taught, than to be the same according to our creed. We require a command and mastery over the passions, that you do not."

"But why did the Great Spirit, whom the white men say is so cunning and wise, and has said to the moose, you are too heavy to run, and to leap as a deer, and to the great fish, remain in the waters, why did he tell the Yengese to do what they cannot? Let the fair maiden say if her people obey the words of the Great Spirit?"

"Much with which you charge my people," replied Maria, "is but too true. They possess the ordinances, but, when they feel themselves restrained by them, they but too frequently neglect them. The Great Being who formed the

world, has given his laws to a nation that know much, and he thought that they would do as he commanded them, as well as teach to all other men the way to be good."

"The white men are very cunning," said the Mohawk, "but they are all wicked; they don't do as the Great Spirit told them."

"It is very unfair to make such a sweeping accusation; I had hoped you would have discovered some who were good among us. What have you," continued Maria, "to allege against my father?"

"Did not the Great Spirit," Tasharah replied, "send his son to the pale faces, that neither they nor any other man should fight? Let the fair maiden say if her father is not a war Chief among her people; and if his long knife has never been red with the blood of his enemies, or if his ears have never listened to the cries of his foes?"

"True He said, men were not to fight," observed Maria, who felt some difficulty in meeting

this charge, "but this does not compel a man to allow a bad one to take advantage of him, and to deprive him of his goods. When an enemy comes to take away your property, then resistance and fighting become justifiable, and heaven objects not to the blood a patriot sheds."

"Did not the fair maiden," Tasharah inquired, whilst a lurking smile just betrayed itself upon his countenance, "did not the fair maiden tell just now in the ears of the Mohawk, that if a man should strike an Indian he should not strike again, but be at peace with him who struck; and, that when one man does unfairly to another, the Great Spirit had commanded the one who was hurt to be silent; yet she says, now, a warrior may fight for his people, and may raise his tomahawk for his nation. Let her say if the hunting grounds of the Indians belong to the white man, and if the pale faces were born among the lodges of the red men. Why do the Yengese send many braves to fight for the land

of the sons of the forest against the French, and why may not a warrior raise up his hatchet against the white man, who builds his lodge upon the graves of his fathers?"

"Do you not know," Maria replied, whilst she did not feel very well satisfied at the strength of her own arguments, "that the white men come from very far, and from a great country beyond the sea; and that our brothers, and our friends, when they hear that another nation, the French, are coming against us, to kill us, and to make us prisoners, get into large ships, and come over here to fight for, and to give us their aid; I have never said that an Indian does wrong when he opposes an invader, but only when he seeks his adversaries in their own country, and kills them in their own homes."

"The old war Chief of the pale faces, the father of the fair maiden, does he do as his daughter, the sweet singing bird, has said the Great Spirit commanded him? Has he not sounded the whoop of battle, and gathered many

warriors together, that he may go and fight the French in their own country, and kill them by their own homes? Will not her father go into the lands of another people, and take their scalps in their own lodges?"

"I am afraid," replied Maria, who found herself unable to defend her father against the severity of the doctrine she had sought to teach the Mohawk, "I am afraid that I have lost my cause. But what have you to say against Mr. Marshall? Is he not a good man? He does not go to war, nor in any way break the commandments of the religion he professes, at least, that I am aware of."

"Will the fair maiden," inquired Tasharah, "promise that her face shall not be clouded, if a Mohawk shall say what is in his heart?"

"I can have no right to find fault with anything you advance," replied Maria, who was curious to know what the Mohawk had discovered, not perfectly consistent with his tenets, in the conduct, or behavionr of Mr. Marshall.

"Let the fair maiden say if her father, the old war Chief, does as the Great Spirit commanded him, and if he keeps all the law his son, the wise beaver, taught?"

"I have already been compelled to confess he does not in one particular," said Maria, who was eager to know what deduction Tasharah would make from this admission.

"Then is the white headed Chief not good," continued the Mohawk.

"Neither my father nor any one else is perfect; since this is a state to which no mortal can ever hope to attain, unless most effectually supported from on high. If this is what you mean by your inquiry, I must answer in the affirmative."

"The white men say it is wicked to lie," again inquired Tasharah.

"Certainly;" replied Maria, "whoever is guilty of a falsehood commits a great crime. But wherefore do you ask these strange questions?"

"Let the fair maiden listen. Has she not

said her father is not good, and a liar is wicked? Did not the cunning mystery man of the whites sing in the ears of Tasharah, the white headed warrior is a good man. Let the Mohawk who would become a white man listen to his words."

"And is this all upon which you have founded your charge against Mr. Marshall?" said Maria, whose curiosity had been disappointed, for she had expected to have heard some startling accusation, in place of what she considered a mere frivolous quibble; but which, slight as she regarded it, was considered by the Chief of considerable importance; for he knew of no such thing as a gradation of falsehood. "Is this all the foundation upon which you proceed to attack his probity?" she continued, "indeed there is no one whose reputation would not fall before you, and who—but what are you looking at so earnestly?" she inquired, suddenly stopping herself, for something had attracted the ever watchful attention of the Mohawk, who was examining

the footmarks of some animal, "it is only a deer that has passed. It can be nothing to fear."

"A horse of the pale faces has passed," observed Tasharah, half in soliloquy, and half in reply to the question of Maria.

"It surely does not matter if one has; why do you still regard those marks so attentively?" said Maria, who now began to feel alarmed, "explain to me what you see."

"Two horses of the pale faces have passed, but a short time back," replied the Mohawk, who had discovered the print of the second animal, "they are scouting," he continued, "for see the swift runners have but walked, the foot of one has grazed this fallen pine."

"They are those of some hunters who have lost their way," suggested Maria.

"Let the fair maiden lift up her eyes; the trail is straight, if the hunters had lost their way it would be crooked."

"Perhaps it may be some of your tribe gone to the hunt," said Maria.

"None of the Iroquois have been by here," replied Tasharah, "for see the marks are those of a horse with the iron mocassins, and none of the people of the tribes have a strong runner."

"Might it not be one of the couriers that are so frequently passing between one point of the settlements and another?"

"Neither a warrior, nor hunter, nor runner of the Iroquois or Yengese, would go towards the land of the French. Let the fair maiden become silent, and Tasharah will see who it is that has passed, they are nigh, for my ears have just heard the cry of the strong, swift beast."

"Go not, Tasharah!" Maria exclaimed, when she perceived, by his divesting himself of the frock coat he wore, and by his loosening his knife in the sheath we have before observed he always carried, that it was his intention to proceed, and discover who were the strangers, "go not, Tasharah! you know not how many enemies may be lurking around, let us return home, for you

know not who or what you may have to encounter."

"Let the fair maiden be silent as the bird that never speaks," replied the chief, "let her enter in here, and lie still as the adder," he continued, pushing aside a bush, and directing Maria to enter within its concealment.

"First tell me," said Maria, who from the manner of the chief doubted not danger was nigh, "first tell me, wherefore must you encounter these unknown strangers? Remember they are two, you are but one; they, in all probability thoroughly armed, whilst you scarce possess a weapon. Let us return, and do not foolishly expose yourself, for if they are foes you will in all probability be overpowered; there is nothing to be gained by such an act in the way of honour, and it is only madness to run almost into the arms of destruction."

"Let the fair maiden listen to the words of a warrior," said the Mohawk, when he perceived how opposed to the course he purposed to pursue

Maria showed herself. "Tasharah has been a brave, and he knows the ways of a warrior; a warrior goes not into the woods, saying, as the foolish rattlesnake, I am here, beware of coming near to me; but he lies still as the panther waiting for the timid deer, and when he sees his enemy, who is foolish, and walks as a white man, he strikes him from behind. Shall a Mohawk walk with the fair maiden among the forests, as though he were in the lodges of her people? Let her rest here, whilst the leaping panther of the Iroquois crawls as a snake to see where the strangers are, so that he may not be taken as the foolish beast that sleeps till the hunter has put his hand upon it; but that he may be able to show the fair maiden the path to the homes of her people, and to laugh at his foes who would slay him but whose eyes were dull."

Having exacted from the Mohawk a promise that he would alone seek to discover the position of those who had passed, so that on his return he might not be exposed to any unexpected at-

tack, and also would avoid a contest as far as possible, Maria complied with Tasharah's desire, and entering the brake, became effectually concealed from without.

A considerable time elapsed without bringing the chief back, and Maria passed through all the stages of apprehension, experiencing, as each succeeding minute increased the period of the absence of him for whose return she waited, of at first perplexity and uneasiness, then of fear and of anxiety, and finally her mind as it had time to form fancies to itself became filled with terror.

She imagined a thousand mischances that might have befallen the Mohawk; he might have become the prey to some beast that he had from inattention allowed to approach him; he might have fallen into some pit whose treacherous mouth had been concealed; or unexpectedly encountered his foes, and been overpowered by superiority of numbers.

At last, unable further to contend with her

own created terrors, and more than wishing to believe that Tasharah might even then be looking for her, having missed the position in which he had placed her, she determined herself to seek for him, and having as she considered, sufficiently noted her situation, and made observations by which to guide her back, she quitted the spot, for the purpose of exploring the unknown tracks of the forest.

The brake in which she was concealed, was one of those large patches of thicket occasionally met with among the woods, whose growth had been facilitated by the felling of many of the trees, through the agency of the wind and storm, and which frequently served as a covert, and retreat to the forest inhabitants. Great was the difficulty, and even then at considerable expense and derangement of her attire, that the Major's daughter experienced in making her way through its entanglements, and as each bush when she had passed, closed behind her, to all but an eye well versed in the secrets of the forest and its

ways, it would have been impossible to return by the same path as that pursued in setting out.

Maria had intended to keep close to the margin of the thicket, that she might the more readily be enabled to retrace her steps, and find her way back to the position she was quitting, but she had overlooked, and was ignorant of its size; and had forgotten to calculate the time she would consume in making its circumference, as she purposed.

The road that she had chosen led her up the ascent of a gentle hill. As she was advancing to its summit, the sound of voices in conversation behoved her to be cautious; and, proceeding with all the attention to silence that was possible, she gained the height, as well as the extremity of the brake, whose concealment she did not desire to quit, until she had assured herself in what light the strangers should be considered.

The small hill, to whose crest grew the under-

wood within which Maria was screened from sight, had two of its sides barren of anything that could have favored the unseen approach of an intruder; but, to the others, Nature had seemed desirous of compensating for this deprivation, by the unsparing manner with which she had furnished it with bush. Seated upon one of its barren sides, and directly opposite to the one on which Maria approached, were the two men whose vicinity had been noticed by the Mohawk. One, as far as she could judge, for both had their backs turned, was an Indian in a white hunter's garb, and belonging to one of the nations with whom her countrymen were at that period contending; but it scarce required a second glance at the other to confirm her in the first idea she had formed concerning his identity, and with a shudder of terror she was obliged to confess that he was no other than Laborde, whom she alike feared and hated, for his violence and deception.

Directly this discovery had burst upon her,

she became overpowered with her fears. She dared not move—she trembled almost to breathe lest she should betray her presence to her detested suitor; and her heart truly suggested to her that the Frenchman's object, in being thus in such a dangerous neighbourhood, was from a design upon her liberty, and she feared lest a rustle might betray her helpless, and without a protector, into his power. Unwilling to attempt a retreat, as the noise might attract his attention, she became a most unwilling auditor to the following conversation, which was carried on in sadly mutilated French.

"It appears to me," observed Laborde, after a pause that had followed the conclusion of the preceding topic, "it appears to me, Sarnagooke, that if we would put an end to this fatiguing, and apparently never to be successful plan of watching for our prey to walk directly of its own accord into our trap, we must attempt something bolder, and even try what a *coup-de-main* will affect. It is perfectly useless to re-

main longer as we are at present. This is the fourth day we have been watching the flutter of every petticoat that can be discerned in the camp, where my old friend, and once, I suspect, most unwilling guest, is making his preparations for an attack upon my hornet's nest, forgetting that all my bees carry a sting, yet have we not caught one single glimpse of the one we are seeking after. Our plan of proceeding must be altered, so see if you cannot devise some method. I know your Indian head is prolific in stratagem, and perhaps you might imagine one by which our little bird might be persuaded to wing its flight hither; or even, if it could be rendered possible, to bring her without her own consent."

"Sarnagooke has heard his Chief speak," replied that worthy, for it was in truth the Piquot, who, when he found on his return with the warriors, with whom he had proceeded on the expedition we have seen quitting the Piquot lodges, that, with the exception of the few he saw

around him, all the band of the "wolves of the Piquots" was destroyed, had himself consented, and also persuaded his other companions, as soon as the first paroxysm of rage and grief had passed away, to take service with Laborde, for the express purpose of avenging this slaughter of their intimate relatives. "Sarnagooke has heard his Chief speak, and the ears of a warrior have drunk in the words of wisdom. What can a Piquot brave do? He cannot look upon the Yengese maiden, as the great snake does upon the little bird, and say, 'Come to me, for I would see you closer.' She is too cunning to listen to him."

"This I well know," said Laborde, in rather a peevish tone; "nor did I ask you to point out the difficulties that oppose the execution of my project, but to advise some method by which to overcome them. I do not think that the Yengese maiden can have much desire to trust herself to me," he continued, whilst a smile crossed his countenance, for there are some who rejoice

and feel pleased and flattered that their power and aptitude for evil is known and dreaded by others; "I make no doubt that her old fool of a father has informed her before this of the burning I so graciously intended he should undergo; and which, to our discredit, he so fortunately for himself, escaped, though how he managed it appears to me unaccountable."

"Shohaske was a lying priest, and the lone woman very cunning. The widow of the Onondagas hid the Mohawks in the valley of Piquot bones, till the warriors of our tribe should be gone."

"I suspect it to have been very much as you say," replied Laborde, "and that to the enmity of the old hag, and avarice of the sorcerer, we were indebted for our disaster. But how was it your countrymen did not sacrifice the prisoner before he could be succoured? I should have imagined this to be their very first proceeding when they found themselves attacked."

"Let the Chief listen, and Sarnagooke will

make it plain in his eyes as is the hunter star when the sun has fallen into the boundless lake," said the Piquot. "Did not Sarnagooke look upon the bodies of his countrymen who were in the lodge of the prisoner, and there were some who had fallen by the long knife, and others by the little thunder, and some who had been struck by the tomahawk of the Iroquois. Then Sarnagooke saw that a wicked priest had said to the Yengese, Here are teeth: you are now a rattlesnake and can bite, only give to the 'mystery man' strong rum when you are among your people."

"His treachery," observed Laborde, "met with a price he never expected; for if both he and the old woman were the traitors that planned and arranged for the attack of the Mohawks, they became equally numbered among the slain. Would they, whom they had been serving, have given them what they merited, or have favoured the escape of one who had proved himself so perfect and useful a traitor; and of the other, who

had shown herself so ungrateful to the hands that had nourished her?"

"The deceitful priest fell not by the hands of a warrior, for, if he had, a brave would have taken the scalp of the cunning mystery man. The old woman, when she found he had become a reed, and could help her no more, struck him."

"What! the one plotter strike the other!" exclaimed Laborde. "That is a good, and not an improbable idea: such things have occurred before. How do you account for the old woman also having met with her deserts?" The Frenchman could readily coincide in the justice of the punishing of treachery in others, forgetting, however, if each was to be judged for this crime, the accusations against himself would not be light.

"Can the panther live without blood? When the lone woman saw, that there was no more left of the tribe she hated, Athaensic took her soul away."

"It may have been so," said Laborde; and then, as if fatigued with his many days' watching, he, to the great relief of Maria, stretched himself upon the ground, as though intending to court the refreshment of sleep. But he remained not long in this position: for, suddenly addressing his companion, he exclaimed, "Go, Sarnagooke! See if the horses are safe. It appears to me as though they had broken their tethers, and were making off."

"Sarnagooke has heard," replied the Indian, who, rising, proceeded quickly to fulfil the behests of his master; and Maria, looking in the direction whither he was moving, was, from the superior height on which she stood, enable to perceive the Mohawk chief, who, having cut the rope that restrained the horses from rambling, was in the very act of performing the Indian feat of driving them off. Leading one, and followed by the other, he was seeking to make a circuit, so as to avoid the view of the lawful possessors, and then to conduct the latter's property to

where he had left Maria, so as to ride home, in triumph, with her and his booty.

As soon as the astonished Sarnagooke came within sight of the man, who was thus daring to play the robber with his property, he vented his indignation in a shout, and darted forward with the intention of hindering the intended spoliation.

Perceiving an enemy, and not considering nor caring how near others might be, immediately that he saw himself discovered, the Mohawk raised his battle cry, and joyfully hurried to meet one of the nation he detested, whilst his pride promised him a victory.

Scarce a minute elapsed before the two Indians were struggling together; and, as either were regarded as being the strongest and most powerful men of their respective nations, they mutually were surprised at finding themselves equally matched. Neither appeared to possess the least advantage over his antagonist. Both suffered alike from the inconvenience of being habited in

clothes, in which they were unaccustomed to contend; and perhaps, if either had been in his natural costume, it would have procured him the conquest. As it was, fortune inclined to neither.

But now Laborde arrived upon the scene of action, and, uniting his efforts to those of the Piquot, the two together succeeded in overthrowing the Mohawk. Then, holding his knife at his discomfited foeman's throat, Laborde enquired, for he was ignorant of how little he could affect his prisoner by threats regarding his life, whether he was alone, or had any comrades nigh.

"Does a pale face think a warrior fears to die, or that he cannot hold his tongue? Does he think a brave is a woman? If a pale face strike—"

"Fool," said Laborde. "Will you not by a trifling answer save your life? Tell me, are you alone, or have you others by? I can take a warrior's word, for I know that a brave cannot

lie. Tell me this, and on your promise not to discover us I will let you go."

"Does the pale face think that a warrior knows him not? Let the lying Frenchman, whom the Yengese call Laborde, and the Piquots, the stranger among the lodges, let him strike. A Mohawk knows him well. When the wind shall be the same for a whole moon, let him speak, and a brave will listen to his words."

Laborde raised his knife: a second more, and the chief would have been upon the path to eternity; when, fortunately for the latter, Sarnagooke's curiosity prompted him to know who it was that had defied the utmost exertion of his strength, and alone had been overpowered by the united exertions of himself and his leader. Actuated by this, he arrested the Frenchman's arm as it was descending, and hindered the fatal blow. Then addressing the Indian, who, lying upon the ground, was expecting his fate, and, knowing the inutility of all efforts of his to

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avoid it, was unflinchingly nerved to meet it, he said—

"Let the Mohawk girl tell in the ears of a warrior, whose is the scalp that will dry in the smoke of his wigwam, and whose is the blood of which his knife shall drink."

"The Piquot lies," replied the Mohawk, with the proud feelings of a conquered conqueror. "The Piquot lies, for he has no wigwam, nor a fire in whose smoke to dry a scalp. Did not Tasharah put a light into his cabin. If he has forgotten, let him go to where the dwellings of the Piquot wolves were, and he will see that the words of a Mohawk brave are true."

"What!" exclaimed Laborde, who experienced a revengeful joy at finding who was in his power, for though he was ignorant of how much more Tasharah's pretensions to Maria were preferred to his own, yet he well knew that, to the chief now before him, he was indebted for the frustration of his plans concerning the Major, "What! then you are he who has already twice thwarted

me. Indeed I feel excessively rejoiced at this meeting, and grieved that our acquaintance must terminate so soon, and that we part almost the very minute we first encounter each other." As he spoke he raised his knife a second time to strike, but the blow was this time arrested by a piercing shriek; and, turning his head, the Frenchman beheld with equal joy and astonishment, Maria, who had remained until this moment a silent but agonised spectator of the scene.

The crisis of the Mohawk's fate had passed, but danger, nearly equal to what had threatened him, now frowned upon another. Laborde seized Maria; her shrieks and struggles alike were vain. He bore her in his arms, and mounting one of the horses placed her before him, then, striking the animal, he bounded swiftly away into the intricacies of the forest, with the mazes of which he appeared perfectly acquainted.

The instant that the departure of one of his adversaries had restored to the chief the proba-

bility of being able to defend himself successfully, he recommenced the struggle with Sarnagooke, and to the Chief's other incitements to acquit himself manfully, was added that produced by the screams of Maria. The peril she was in seemed to inspire him with fresh strength, and Tasharah pressed hard upon the Piquot, who, eing partly confused by the unexpected appearance of Maria, together with the desertion of his leader, and also unprepared for this exertion of him whom he had considered subdued, now gave way, and the Mohawk, by a sudden effort, flung his adversary beneath him, and drawing from its sheath the knife of the latter, he plunged it into its possessor's breast with fatal strength.

Freed from the opposition of the Piquot, Tasharah gazed around for his other foe, and was alone in time to witness the rapid flight of the Frenchman. Uttering a whoop of rage, he flung his knife after the fast retreating Laborde, but the weapon, though hurled with every desire to reach the mark, fell short by many yards.

For some time the Mohawk exerted himself to follow, and overtake the Frenchman, but presently, with the exception of the trail, nothing remained to point out the direction he had taken, and Indian prudence caused him to halt. A moment's hesitation convinced him of the inutility, or rather madness of longer continuing the pursuit by himself; suspecting that, unless assured of support, Laborde never would have been daring enough to carry Maria off whilst so many of her friends were nigh, he perceived the best plan would be to return home. As he passed where Sarnagooke lay, he deprived the corpse of the honourable scalp; and then putting forth his speed, it was not long before he had regained the camp.

Directly that he was observed, all crowded around him, anxious to know what had occurred for the marks of blood upon his person, together with the gory scalp, told that something had taken place. Without replying to a single question the chief strode rapidly to where Sure

Scent was engaged in conversation with the leader of a party of hunters, and borderers, who had just arrived and numbered about forty.

Making a sign to the old hunter, he drew him aside and then communicated to him the intelligence of the late occurrence, and how the Frenchman had borne Maria off. The old man readily agreed with him that the only plan that could be pursued, was to call an assembly of all who were entitled by their experience and position in the gathering to deliver an opinion, for the purpose of considering some plan to proceed upon.

When Vernon was informed of the reason for this sudden requisition of his presence, astonishment and indignation alike filled him. He could not imagine how one of Tasharah's well known abilities had allowed himself to be surprised, or induced into an ambush; and, though his alarm was considerable at the situation of his child, yet he felt angered that success had attended the Frenchman's plans, so truly did he hate Laborde. Though these emotions were strong, they were

not sufficiently powerful to cause him to forget the necessity there was for acting; and he immediately gave his sanction to the proposition of Tasharah. In less than a quarter of an hour, he was presiding at a consultation, where, if there was wanting the strict etiquette of those to which he had been accustomed, yet it could boast of members who were as anxious and as zealous for the success of their cause, and quite as decorous in their behaviour, and also as well acquainted with the arts of their species of warfare as ever he had seen collected together. Tasharah, with the intention of explaining how it had occurred that he had allowed himself to be deceived, so that she who had been trusting herself to him had been torn out of his protection, and also to deliver his own advice, arose and spoke his opinion in English tongue, in which he was now tolerably proficient.

The Chief, as soon as he had explained the occurrence, was entirely exonerated from blame by his auditors; but, his proposal for an imme-

diate march of all who were collected in the camp, was not so generally approved by the calmer, and less excitable part of the assemblage.

After some deliberation, it became resolved not to proceed before the following morning, and thus to await the arrival of a strong party of Iroquois warriors, whose coming was momentarily expected, as they had promised to make their appearance before the first of the beaver moon, and the new moon would rise this night: and also that time might be allowed for the summoning of many woodsmen and their guests, who had preferred remaining in their homes, or those of their friends, until the moment of departure should be arrived, of which they required to be informed. With these reinforcements, the expedition would amount to near four hundred men.

CHAPTER IV.

Swift through the forest bounds the willing steed,
Its double burdens scarce it seems to heed.
Unfalt'ring in its step, its paces still
Increase them swifter at his master's will.
The night descends—each track is hid from view;
Fierce Ryno paused; the courser's reins he drew.
For oft familiar objects to the sight,
Appeared them strangely, in the dubious light;
Whilst marks unknown viewed 'midst the gloom,
Seemed the others figures to assume,
With curious glances he around surveys,
Doubtful, regards the multitude of ways;
Then cautious urges on.

LABORDE paused not in his rapid flight, and whilst sustaining, by the one arm the terrified and exhausted Maria, with the other he guided the swift pace of his steed. But once, and then only for a short period, did he stop, when the

flagging step of the animal that bore him was shown by its decreasing speed, and its departing strength by stumbles that were rather oft repeated. Halting, he allowed his courser to recover breath and recruit itself to perform the many, many weary miles that yet had to be journeyed over. The Frenchman himself also made a meal off some provisions he had with him, a portion of which he presented to his prisoner, but the latter, with a gesture, rejected his offer. With this exception, for many successive hours Laborde maintained a perfect silence; either being occupied with his own thoughts and nefarious plans, or else engaged in avoiding the dangers that continually arose in his path. Maria was too happy to perceive this taciturn disposition of her captor to have the slightest wish or inclination for him to be otherwise.

Having remounted, the Frenchman once again proceeded; but with a far slower pace than formerly; for already had the shades of night begun to fall, and the difficulties that beset the way

became considerably increased by the weak and dubious light. More than once did he turn his horse's head aside from what appeared a barrier to his further progress, and find himself stopped in the new path by something far more real. Not unfrequently, the uncertain appearance of his land-marks caused him to wander wrong, until some friendly ray, penetrating the forest, warned him to retrace his steps. His knowledge of woodcraft now stood him well in need, and fairly bore him through his embarrassments. He had learnt to know the position of the hunter's star, and when other objects failed him, this served him as an unerring guide. Thus when the morning came, his tired horse assuaged its thirst at a point of a stream not far distant from the spot where a considerable body of friends were waiting ready to support him, and to aid in covering his retreat, if necessary, from the efforts of any pursuers.

As Laborde approached the spot where his first relay was placed, he encountered two of his

Piquots, who were scouting; and presently about forty warriors of the same nation quitted their concealment among the deep banks of the stream, by the margin of whose course their leader was pursuing his journey, having a fresh horse with which to supply the place of the wearied animal of the latter.

A litter was quickly prepared for Maria, which was borne on the shoulders of the Indians, who alternately relieved each other, and the journey being resumed was continued without interruption or incident.

It was noon before the second stage was gained, and here a fresh detachment of about twenty rifles was added to the strength of the party, which now moved forwards at a pace far less resembling a flight than before. Having this addition to his force, the Frenchman, no longer fearing pursuit, as evening fell caused a rude tent to be erected for his prisoner's accommodation, and halted for the space of a few hours that Maria might obtain some rest, of

which she stood much in need; after which the troop again moved forwards, and in the course of the following day Laborde gained the shelter of his own roof. Having directed that Maria should be shown to the room he had had prepared for her reception, he proceeded himself in search of Alice, intending to persuade her to co-operate in a plan that he proposed to pursue with regard to his gentle prisoner.

Though for a considerable period the name of Alice has not occurred among our pages, yet on this account our reader must not suppose that she has ceased to exist. She still continued to endure, whenever his projects rendered his presence at home necessary, the unkindness of her deceiver; and his harshness in place of abating seemed only to increase the more as he became convinced of the sincerity of her love. During the different periods of his absence she remained a self and closely immured prisoner to her chamber; her sorrow being her only companion.

Laborde entered her apartment with the smile upon his lips he so well could assume, and in reply to her exclamation of surprise, for she knew not that he was returned, he observed in a playful tone, "You are tardy, Alice, in your welcome. I had never expected that the last to greet me would be yourself."

"I knew not of your return," she replied; "but how pale, how haggard you appear. You are not ill, Henry?"

"It is well you have made your inquiries now," said Laborde, "for I had felt much inclined not to tell you the agreeable news of which I am the bearer, and thus avenge myself for your neglect."

Alice as he spoke felt a pleasure so long unknown to her spread itself over her bosom. The Frenchman with triumph observed the birth of this feeling, as through its aid he promised that he would procure her assistance towards the furtherance of his designs. She, after a pause of a few seconds, replied, "It would be unkind to

punish me thus, but my curiosity will readily forego being satisfied until you have refreshed yourself."

"No, Alice," he replied, "I am not so selfish as to desire my own gratification prior to yours. My information I know would be pleasing, but," he continued, slightly altering his tone, as though he were offended, "I see you care not for it. I half fear that nought of mine would find itself agreeable to you."

"Say not so," Alice replied, rather quickly, "I was eager to hear the tidings of which you proclaim yourself the bearer; but I imagined that you were fatigued. At present I am all attention."

"I accept your excuse," said Laborde, "and will forgive you the indifference you appeared to manifest with regard to my communication. I have succeeded, during the expedition on which I have been absent, in capturing the daughter of an English officer, whom I have conveyed hither, partly to possess through her a restraint upon

her parent, who is meditating hostilities against me, and partly from a view of procuring a companion for yourself. Now, tell me, do you find this intelligence pleasing?"

Alice, for the space of about a minute, remained silent. A vague suspicion crossed her mind. Willing as she was to believe in the sincerity of Laborde, and to place full credence in the affection that he pretended in his tone and language, yet she could not exclude entirely a wandering doubt. His present conduct appeared so strange, and was so much at variance with what he latterly had pursued, that an apprehension stole across her bosom. With a sudden effort she dismissed this feeling that she regarded as being ungenerous, and replied: "Indeed, Henry, this is agreeable tidings so far as it will assure you against the efforts of your enemies; but as for myself I care not for a companion. With you I possess all that I desire of society."

Laborde, satisfied with the position he had gained, now proceeded to unmask his real in-

tents. Drawing Alice nigh to him he kissed her cheek, and then observed, "I grieve at this since then I have failed in both my designs. The presence of Maria brings to you no additional comfort, and I fear it may not secure me from the danger with which I am menaced. Yet if I could rely upon you I think I could ward it off."

"How upon me? show me, Henry, wherein my power lies."

"Nay, Alice, I would not speak it. The sacrifice it requires is far too great."

"None," replied Alice, "would I think so. My all, my everything is yours. Dispose of it as you will."

"I could not," said the Frenchman with seeming reluctance.

"Why thus, Henry? Why appear to doubt my affection? Do you imagine that there is anything I could hold preferable to obedience with your wishes?"

"I know," said Laborde, taking her hand in

his and caressing her with every appearance of fondness; "I know that you love me; I know that you are willing to do all for me; but would you make a sacrifice of the brightest dream of your heart?"

"Of any," she replied. "But speak not thus, Henry. Test my devotion, and you shall find it equal to my love."

"Could you," said Laborde, in a hesitating tone, "rest contented with the possession of my heart?"

"Wherefore such a question?" inquired Alice with alarm.

"That I might know if you were really willing to make a sacrifice my safety requires," replied the Frenchman. "Hear me, Alice. It is you alone that I love—but I need not remind you of this after the many proofs I have given you. The father of her whom I have brought with me is making his preparations for an inroad into my country, and from information that I have received, I am well aware that he intends

directing the course of his ravages particularly towards my possessions. Hence, unless I can discover some means to change its channel—for oppose its fury I cannot—must I and all those who depend upon me be overwhelmed by the storm. Whatever resistance we may offer can but be short, and must end in our utter destruction. One plan alone presents itself to me. Were Maria mine— were she united to me—her father would pause ere he directed the hand of war towards the husband of his child. When peace should be restored, and I no longer could have reason to fear her parent's anger, I might without difficulty break off a connexion formed only to suit my own convenience. Then what bliss would be ours. I no longer could have the slightest cause to doubt your sincerity, and with such mutual confidence how strong would become our love. To effect this, upon you shall I rely. You, as one of her sex, might by a thousand ways dispose her in my favor. You might speedily discover her disposition and obtain her

confidence. Then, by taking advantage of the opportunities that these would procure you, you might without difficulty incline her to listen favorably to my proposals."

Whilst he had been speaking no word escaped from the firm closed lips of Alice. She remained motionless as a statue. An expression denoting alone the keenest anguish occupied her countenance, but as he concluded, it past away, giving place to a sudden flush of anger.

"Henry, is this your love?" she said, whilst an hysteric sob almost seemed to choke her utterance. "Is this your affection, to desire me to play the part of a traitress? Would you have me perform that which not only would cause me to forfeit all claim upon even your esteem, but would also cause me to lose my own."

"This is mere trifling," returned Laborde impatiently. "You are acting wrong if you thus hope to enhance the value of your consent. In assisting me your situation will not become

changed from what it is at present, and far from diminishing your claim upon my esteem, you will considerably increase it. By a refusal or a delay you will perhaps lose that share of my heart you at present possess."

"Perhaps," he continued, observing what he imagined were symptoms of irresolution upon her countenance, "perhaps you have hopes of obtaining for yourself the position that I am desirous Maria should occupy—but this can never be. My home shall ever afford you a shelter, but you never can become its mistress."

"My dream is now past," replied Alice in a tone of sorrow and of disappointment, whilst she did not even attempt to conceal how bitter was her grief at having the prospect that was opening itself so fairly and brightly to her view so darkly and completely clouded. "My dream is now past. The colors with which I had once deceived myself have faded to their natural shade, and I no longer look upon a disguised

picture. Should I, who have suffered all that a woman could endure from the betrayal of him she loved, should I seek to involve another in a like misery? No! I read your real motive, however plausibly you may disguise it. Your love has passed to another, whom you fain would deceive as you have myself, and you desire that I should be the instrument by which you are to effect this. But I am not so weak as blindly to submit to such a degradation. The last few minutes have unveiled my eyes and revealed to me my own position. We must part; but before I return to those who even yet will afford me their pardon for the weakness I have been guilty of, will I warn her around whom you are spreading your wily snares to beware. This duty done, I will return to England, and in days of solitude and repentance seek to tear from my bosom the remembrance of what I once dreamt I was, and what I find I am."

Laborde remained for some moments silent, so surprised was he at this outbreak, where he had

expected to find the most perfect docility. He had forgotten to calculate the boundary of a woman's endurance. He recollected not that the worm writhes against the foot that crushes it. In making his proposal to Alice he had awakened her. In seeking to make her a partner to his scheme of seduction, he had aroused her to a recollection of her own dignity; his subsequent observations had thoroughly displayed to her his heartlessness.

"Why thus?" he at last enquired, dissembling his mortification. "What new idea possesses you? Do you think I meant otherwise than I said. This sacrifice, which you do not seem willing to make for me I only mentioned at your wish. But whither are you going?" he continued, perceiving that she was proceeding towards the door.

"To seek this stranger," Alice replied, "discover you truly to her, and then prepare for my journey."

"Not so quickly!" the Frenchman exclaimed,

rising from his seat and placing himself before her. "The first of your intents I cannot permit; as to the second you are quite at your own disposal, but before making your resolution you had better reflect."

"My determination is made," said Alice; "as soon as I can proceed hence I shall."

"You will not," observed Laborde with a sneer, "have to delay for long. Believe me, Alice, my affection is too great to put any obstacles in your path; but to hinder you from becoming one in mine, I must place one of my domestics here, who will prevent you from exposing your own faults, and perhaps imputing them to me. In the course of an hour all shall be prepared to meet your wishes. Until then farewell."

Maria had been conducted to the apartment Laborde designed for her accommodation. Casting her eyes around the chamber, she at first perceived nothing to recommend it. Its dark, prison-like appearance too palpably de-

clared to her her situation. After a few minutes, however, she advanced towards the window, which was provided with a small balcony, and defended by palisades looped for fire-arms. Removing a slide in the woodwork she was enabled to gain an extensive view of the country that was bounded in the distance by a rather large stream and some thickly wooded hills. Nearer, the prospect was diversified by a busy hamlet, and enlivened with the sports and labors of the younger and older inhabitants.

Within the space contained by a fosse that seemed to surround the dwelling, another scene presented itself. Ever and anon her eye rested upon the stalwart form of some hunter, who hurried on the business that engaged him with rapid footsteps, or followed the painted and plumed figure of some native warrior as he glided silently along.

For some time she continued gazing alternately upon different portions of the animated picture before her, when her attention became suddenly

absorbed in one. She observed Laborde beneath, in earnest conversation with one of his "chasseurs." He appeared to be attempting to persuade the man to somewhat that the latter was unwilling to perform, and by the former's gesticulation Maria feared that she was the subject of their debate. For a short period they became hid from her sight, and when she perceived them again, the countenance of the Frenchman's companion had lost its hesitation, whilst a smile indicative of a horrible intelligence occupied its place, and denoted that he acquiesced in the other's designs. At this moment her heart throbbed with a sudden emotion of fear, and she scarce repressed a shriek as she heard a voice close beside her.

Turning her head she perceived a female accoutred in a travelling habit who addressed her.

"Be not alarmed," she said; "my design is not to harm but to serve. But tell me first—are you the daughter of a British officer? Is

your name Maria? Are you she who was brought hither by Laborde?"

"First tell me," replied Maria, "who are you that asks these questions? Though I be a prisoner, that does not compel me to render an account of myself to every one that wills it."

"My name is Alice," said the stranger, "it will be vain to tell you of any other I bear; you would not know me better, or might confound the disgrace that attaches to myself, with the recollection of one that is spotless. Now answer me, are you she whom I imagined you were?"

"You are right in your conjectures, but wherefore do you desire me to tell you of what you are already informed?"

"That I may point out the dangers that environ you, that I may warn you of the snare that is hourly being woven around you," said Alice.

She was about to continue, when her tale was interrupted by the entrance of Laborde.

The latter, surprised, paused for an instant,

but speedily recovering his effrontery he advanced towards Alice, and taking her by the arm, he said aloud, as he led her towards the door,

"Your friends will be alarmed at our delay; now to your chamber, and remain there until I summon you."

She obeyed, and as she quitted the apartment the Frenchman turned towards Maria, to offer an explanation of this scene, which, though she did not ask, she evidently expected.

"I had imagined," he said that the measures I have taken to secure you from molestation such as this, would have been effective, but for the future I will be careful that it is not repeated."

"I am obliged to you for your assurance," replied Maria, bowing coldly as she spoke, "but at present I have experienced no particular inconvenience."

"I am glad of that," observed Laborde, "for she who just now quitted us, frequently labors under strange delusions; her mind has become

disordered from the effects of some disappointment she experienced in early youth, and her friends have requested me to allow her to reside here for a short period, in hopes that the change of scenery, might produce some favourable symptoms in her malady; she parts to day for her home, and you will not again be exposed to what must be most painful."

"I return you many thanks for your consideration," replied Maria, "but I imagine that it has been needless; during the short period that we were together, she neither did nor said anything that would cause me uneasiness, nor would justify your apprehensions."

"I am pleased," said Laborde, "that she was not at that moment laboring under any of her paroxysms, her language and conduct are at times exceedingly violent."

"Neither of these have I experienced," replied Maria, in a tone of voice that fully declared the distrust which she experienced with regard to the Frenchman.

"Nor shall if I have power to prevent it, but," he continued, changing his tone, "I regret to perceive that I cannot at present call Miss Vernon by the once familiar title of Maria; I had hoped that whatever had unhappily occurred would have been forgotten."

"It would be impossible for me," replied Maria, "to forget your behaviour, and even were I so inclined, the late repetition of your violence, in dragging me from my home, would be a stimulant for my memory to recall the past."

"The past!" rejoined Laborde, speaking in as earnest a manner as he could assume, as though he wished by this warmth of expression to persuade Maria that the words were the genuine production of his heart, "the past has flown by for ever, and there remains but the power of regretting what it has produced. I cannot recall those moments, when banishing every spark of virtue, and of gratitude from my soul, I listened alone to the suggestions of the basest passion. But, Miss Vernon, you are one of the gentler sex,

one of those whose very spirit is composed of love, and though you may blame the paroxysm, yet, as being the author, you surely would not blame the passion; if you do so it is upon yourself, and upon your own beauty the greater portion of your censure must fall. It was yourself that formed the incentive; I but obeyed the indubitable law of our nature, which compels us to love whatever possesses a loveliness so transcendant as your own."

Maria was perplexed; not to answer was equivalent to admitting the excuses of Laborde, but to deny them, as she desired, she feared would induce him to repeat his violence. Unable to reply directly, she said,

"You should have considered before you rendered repentance necessary, and have thought—"

"And I did!" exclaimed Laborde, who perceived the advantage he had gained, "I thought and did nothing else but think; sleeping or waking, you were ever present to my thoughts; did I sleep, it was you alone of whom I dreamt,

and sanguine hope painted bright pictures for my imagination, and kindly represented my wishes in the brightest and fairest colors; waking, my thoughts still continued to dwell upon the same object as had held chief place in my visions of the night; still did I continue to think of what happiness and felicity would be mine, if in some far retired valley, I could pass the remainder of my life, in quiet and in love, possessing only you, and if far removed from the noisy dwellings of man, I could listen without disturbance to the sounds of your sweet voice. But when I had spoken these thoughts, who was it spurned their import? who was it filled me by her disdain, with maddening and unholy wishes? Was it not you? you, having cast the veil across my soul, at last refused to acknowledge your own work. Now that dream is past, and all that I can desire is to be forgiven for an act, but contemplated during an hour of passionate excitement. This now comprises all which I can dare to hope ever to obtain."

Laborde paused, and regarded Maria as though his fate hung upon her reply; and she, more than half pleased at the respect with which he treated her, felt her distrust considerably diminished, yet still she hesitated, whether she could regard him as being sincere. "I will not object." she said, "to endeavour to forget what has passed, on condition that you will no longer press me with your suit, which is most unpleasant for me to hear; and will never again mention any thing that has reference to it."

"But repeat those words!" exclaimed Laborde. "But let me hear once again that which conveys so bright a hope for me, as the possibility of my ever obtaining forgiveness, and it will render this day the most memorable of my life."

Maria complied with the Frenchman's request, and the latter continued, affecting now rather an air of disappointment, "How true it is, we never encounter bliss without there is some cause of regret to mingle with the draught.

However much pleasure may endeavour to be kind, there is always some envious power ready with its antidote. You require of me, Miss Vernon, an almost, rather, I should say, a perfect, impossibility. It would be in vain, once having seen you, to endeavour not to have your image continually present to my mind; and, whatever is in my heart, my tongue cannot but give utterance to. Require something from me that is practicable. The condition with which you would connect your pardon, it is impossible for me to observe; and I fear, unless you will make some other demand, that I must despair."

"Wherefore," said Maria smiling, "did you place such a temptation in your own path? Wherefore did you take me from my home, and thus embarrass yourself in meriting my pardon? Why will you not allow me to return to my father? Any of your followers that you will permit to escort me, I promise you, in the name of my parent, shall have an unmolested return. If you will do this, I will no longer doubt your

sincerity, and will willingly forget all that has passed."

After a short silence, Laborde replied, "Miss Vernon must be well aware that her father is, at the present moment, planning and collecting materials for an attack upon me. I am unprepared to meet him, and have not sufficient power to resist his assault; and I fear from this, that I must succumb to open force. As I perceived my own strength could not be rendered available for my protection, and that there was no other means left for me but a justifiable ruse, I proceeded into your neighbourhood, intending to make your father, if possible, or else some influential personage connected with him, my prisoner, and thus have some hostage against his projected enterprise. Fortune, or probably something stronger, placed you in my way; and, believe me, I do not murmur in the least at your thus being substituted for some rude soldier, the difficulty of whose retention would hardly compensate for the benefit I should derive from his captivity."

Laborde was ignorant that Maria had overheard his conversation with the Piquot, Sarnagooke, and considered her unacquainted with his real motives. She, recollecting the words he had uttered within her hearing, at once perceived he must have been advancing what, at least, was untrue, and distrust immediately replaced the confidence she had begun to experience. Replying, in a tone that betrayed her newly awakened suspicions, she observed, "I should have considered, that you were too well acquainted with my father's character to imagine, that he would halt in any line of conduct he regarded as being his duty, however much it might be in opposition to his private feelings. If you think that, by retaining me, you will cause him to hesitate in his design, you are greatly mistaken; and so far from affecting him by an attempt to work upon his inclinations, you will only provoke him the more."

"Excuse me!" said Laborde, who had been endeavouring to imagine what had caused this

revolution in Maria's manner. "No father could ever command the musket to be pointed, that might convey death to the bosom of his child. Major Vernon is not of stone, and will never raise the weapon whose edge might fall upon yourself. Though the possession of so near a relative to my enemies' leader, forms one of my greatest inducements in seeking to retain you, yet am I also actuated by a motive not less powerful. I love you, and you are well aware of the intensity of my passion; and it is partly in hope that persevering attention may remove the effects of my previous conduct, that I feel grateful to fortune for the opportunity she has furnished me of reinstating myself in your opinion. I yet hope, that time may incline you to regard my suit more favourably than you do at present."

"Sir," replied Maria, who forgot for an instant the conciliating policy she had been seeking to pursue, "you must be ignorant of my situation: learn that I am no longer free. My father has already affianced me, and I cannot lis-

ten to any thing but what becomes a maiden whose faith is pledged."

"Is this," exclaimed Laborde, and his countenance grew dark as night; "Is this a tale that you have fabricated to deceive me, and to hinder me, foolish girl, from longer addressing to you words, the purport of which displeases you? Beware, for you may yet rue the disdain with which you treat my offer. I would know the name of him, to whom you have accorded your pledge of love; for, were I ever after to encounter him, I might congratulate him upon your fidelity and constancy."

"There's no necessity," replied Maria, labouring to conceal the terror with which the Frenchman had inspired her, "there's no necessity for this rudeness to back your question; for, had I anything I desired to conceal, your violence would prove but a vain attempt to wring an answer from me. I again repeat, what I have already uttered: My father has pledged my hand, and also plighted me as I would be.

I am not, therefore, free to listen to your proffers."

"Indeed!" said Laborde sneeringly. "Might I again enquire who this happy individual may be? For I swear, that were he ten times pledged, he should not taste the fruit until I have taken from it both its freshness and its bloom."

"It is to one," replied Maria proudly, "to whom you cannot compare, either for nobility of descent, or generosity of action. It is to Tasharah, to whom my father already stands indebted for his life, and myself for one rescue from out of your power."

"And a fair and proper match will it not be? Miss Vernon, the spoilt and tasteless fruit that Laborde will have cast from him, and an Indian, a wild untutored savage! He will have good cause to be proud of you, since you will have rejected a noble for his love. But," he continued, banishing the smile from his lips, "is it for him that I have been despised; and that you have

hitherto listened to me with such disdain? My day, however, now is come, and we will see how your Indian will relish you after that I shall have pronounced you worthless. If before two days you consent not to be mine—there is a holy father in the house who can perform the ceremony—I swear to possess by force that which you hold from my honourable proposals. I wish not," he observed, perceiving Maria was about to speak, "I wish not to hear a sermon concerning my purposes. I know well what you would say, and doubt not but it is of its kind both good and true. All words, however, will be wasted and entirely thrown away upon me. I care not for the observances of society, and laugh at its cobweb laws. Yet still I am inclined to respect them on your account; though despising them myself, will allow to you their benefit. Two days, and you may either be in the opinion of the world the wife or the mistress of him who has made you the fairest offers, the consequence of rejecting the first to be upon yourself.

Until that period, all that is possible to be obtained to administer to your comforts shall be yours. I will procure you a maid whose sole duty shall be to attend to your wants; and now, remember, I shall not have sought what your obstinacy may drive me to."

As he said this, Laboode departed, leaving Maria a prey to the greatest terror. Her fears dictated to her to submit, whilst another feeling prompted her to spurn the threats that her jailer had just now uttered.

CHAPTER VI.

By none the prayer for mercy's made,
But each displays his trenchant blade;
And though on every side around,
Their foes the gallant band surround;
And though surpris'd, yet fiercely they
Stand as tigers put to bay;
And many a Bokhari bled,
His caftan dy'd a deeper red.

As soon as it became generally known that the council had decided upon the departure of the whole force on the following day, everything became bustle and activity among the greater portion of the whites, who began running hither and thither seeking for various articles that they either required or imagined they did, and the obtaining of which they had put off till the last

moment. Here one enquired for his bullet mould; another for a strap he had mislaid, Some required leather out of which to form wads for their weapons, or sought for tobacco to solace themselves with during their journey. Others again crowded round the whetting stone, waiting for their turn to give a keener edge to their fatal knives; whilst flints and every necessary that would be required for the expedition, became suddenly in great demand. It seemed, so numerous were the wants of each individual, that the moment of departure would find them altogether unprepared.

With the Indians and more experienced hunters and the parts of the camp they occupied, all denoted the most perfect apathy, and remained in its usual stillness and repose. They heard the announcement that they were speedily to march to the encounter of their enemies with scarcely a single demonstration of pleasure, or testifying a regret at thus leaving quarters that had been to them those of ease and indulgence, to plunge

into the scenes of danger, death and of privation. Had the time been far more pressing they would not have asked for themselves one minute's delay. Accustomed to a life wherein the existence depends upon being for ever prepared, they were as ready to start upon a journey of which they could neither divine its length, its difficulties, nor duration of their absences, as to pass the night in their present position.

To one standing aloof it was as easy to distinguish between those acquainted with warfare's school and those to whom it was a novelty, by the contrast in the manners of either, as it was to have told them by the difference in their accoutrements.

To Martin had been appointed the post of distributing the provisions, and various articles that had previously been collected and stored for those who required either. With the aid of two assistants, he succeeded before nightfall in fulfilling to the satisfaction of all the duty that had been entrusted to him.

Messengers had been despatched in every direction to summon those who resided at a distance; and by the following morning at sun-rise every one was required to be in attendance with the leader under whom he had enrolled himself, so that no detention might take place; and that all might undergo an inspection by Vernon previous to the order to proceed being given.

This was a busy and a sleepless night for most of the leaders, and for very many of their followers; but the old stagers slept as unconcernedly as though they would never again have to encounter the dangers of a battle field; to undergo the fatigues and exposures of a march; nor to listen to the revengeful and deadly cries of their enemies.

The chiefs, collected together, pondered upon and discussed the direction to be pursued, and other subjects having reference to their projected inroad. The result of their deliberations will appear in the sequel.

Towards midnight each one unaccustomed to

the sound was startled by the loud whoops of the expected Indian reinforcement, and near a hundred Iroquois entered the camp, and took up their quarters with those of their countrymen who had preceded them.

For upwards of an hour before the languid sun had raised his head from off his Eastern couch, the whole of the camp was once again a scene of noise, of bustle, and of confusion. Gradually, however, as the day dawned, this settled down into quiet, and order became restored. Those who had mislaid or were unable to obtain any particular article, reconciled themselves to their loss or privation, and went to find their places in their various divisions, and under their own chosen officers. Presently, hunters, Indians, and woodsmen were all arranged, and waited for the Major to go through the inspection he commanded them to be prepared for.

The instant that the day had broken, Vernon issued from his home, accompanied by Tasharah

and the other leaders. Stopping for a moment, he paused to regard the different groups of warriors now congregated together, and to gaze upon the scene, the *coup d'œil* of which was anything but unpleasing. Far in the background appeared the dark forest, whose tops, just gilded by the rising sun, had commenced to be agitated by the morning wind, and appeared as though doing homage to that luminary. Nearer were the fresh reaped and barren looking fields, above whose surface was to be observed many roots and stumps of trees still unremoved; and then the eye of the spectator rested upon the large assemblage that, armed and separated into bodies of various sizes, occupied a rather considerable space. The younger borderers, easily known by their free and careless air, leant listlessly upon their weapons, or conversed gaily with their friends. They were mostly habited in coarse spun coats, thick corded breeches, gaiters buttoning to the sides, upon their legs, and strong substantial shoes. The hunters

were men chiefly above their thirtieth year. The countenances of most seemed haggard and furrowed, and betrayed the depredations produced by watchfulness and debauchery, and the leading of a life so uncongenial to their nature. Their eyes ever seemed to be suspiciously on the alert, and though the possessor might lean in apparent inattention upon his rifle, it was evident his senses slumbered not, but still remained true to the habits induced by many years' acquaintance with danger and savage duplicity. The visages of many bore vestiges of the combats they had been engaged in, in the shape of deep and indelible scars, traced by the hands of their foemen. Their dress seemed to be an intermediate stage betwixt the savage and the civilized costume. Each wore the Indian scalping knife and tomahawk, together with the European rifle and powder belt. Some had a description of tunic, cut out of worsted stuff, that, open in front, exposed their hairy bosoms to view, together with trowsers fashioned out of

coarse canvass. Others flung over their shoulders a blanket, and cased their legs in trowsers formed of skin, tanned in the best manner the wearers could procure; but all had gaiters of leather, fastened round with thongs of the same substance.

The Indians were all habited in their war-dress, and each brave maintained as upright and inflexible a bearing as though he were carved in stone. The only thing about them that appeared to possess life seemed to be the tufts placed in their scalp locks, that moved slightly to the breeze. They generally were tall and slender built, seeming to be far better adapted for feats of speed and of agility than for those of strength: yet, still there were some whose proportions denoted both power and vigour. Their ages were various, for there was the lad who had never beheld war but in mimic sport standing next to the warrior upon whose heels time already trod, and who could tell of many a desperate field he had aided in. None

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broke through the apathy and decorum that each considered it necessary to preserve, and only a few of the younger gave vent to their surprise at Vernon's punctuality when they saw him issuing from his home exact to the moment he had assigned.

Directing a semicircle to be formed of all present, the old officer proceeded from party to party, examining the state of efficiency of each, and enquiring if each was provided with what he required.

To his great satisfaction he found that his expectations concerning the number of his force had not in the least been overrated. Independent of about thirty whites, whom he considered it necessary to leave behind for the protection of the women and children, who were to remain in the fort until the return of the expedition, he found himself at the head of near five hundred rifles. The Iroquois, obedient to Tasharah, amounted to near two hundred: the hunters to one hundred and fifty. A body of older woods-

men of eighty, whom he had succeeded in drilling into some description of discipline, and were more particularly under his own command, together with about seventy borderers, who, as their inclinations prompted them, acknowledged either Kennedy or Martin, completed his strength, which, if not numerically great, was sufficiently so, in Vernon's opinion, to overthrow any hastily collected resistance that might be opposed to him.

Having made a short address to those assembled, in which he had no necessity to make the least effort either to excite their courage, or to increase their impatience for encountering their foes, Vernon gave the signal for departure, and presently the whole troop disappeared from the sight of those of their friends who remained behind.

As quickly as possible Tasharah guided the way to where he had lately encountered Laborde. The spot was gained, and here a most convincing proof of the truth of his narration appeared in

the corpse of Sarnagooke, that already the wolves had held one feast upon. The once brave and daring warrior was now a prey to each beast of the forest. The countenance of the Piquot displayed a most disgusting and revolting appearance. The greater portion of the flesh had been stript and torn from the bone, but some tattered patches still remained. The North American Vulture, perched upon a distant branch, seemed to regard the intruders upon its meal with apathy, and lazily shook its wings; but the wolf, just retreating, appeared to murmur angrily at the interruption he sustained.

Easy was it now to distinguish between the old warrior and him who had newly assumed that title. Whilst the latter averted his eyes with a shudder from the horrid object, and was pleased when his back was turned, and it no longer could offend his sight, the former uttered some coarse joke upon the dead one's fate, or quitted his path to take a nearer view of the corpse. Then, returning to his companions, he

would mutter his opinions of the strength the deceased had once possessed, or the satisfaction at the removal of such a foe, or else his admiration of Tasharah who had destroyed him.

The Frenchman's own marks were those that directed his pursuers, and his own trail piloted his foes to where he had placed his captive. Everything seemed to promise well for those who had undertaken to rescue the Major's daughter. The "scent" was strong. The horse's hoofs had struck deeply into the soil, and the road was plain and evident.

Without experiencing cause for alarm, or interruption, the old officer brought his men to the spot where it had previously been arranged to halt. Sentries having been placed, and a rough repast shared, all rested for the night.

Early the next morning the band was again in motion, and this day it passed over the ground that Laborde had traversed during the first night of his flight. Some Indians, sent in advance, enabled Vernon to avoid much of the con-

fused windings of the trail, and thus considerably to shorten his journey.

On the third, about midday, a halt was made in the very position that Laborde's Piquots had occupied, and many of the borderers, who had considered the Mohawk to have been actuated, when he desisted from continuing the pursuit of himself, by motives nearly approaching to cowardice, now confessed he had acted judiciously, and were pleased to reckon among their Chiefs one who could so well divine concerning the intentions and schemes of their enemies.

The following day was passed the spot where Laborde's second support had been placed, and Sure Scent, after a few minutes' observation, gave his commander correctly the number of Indians that had here united themselves to the Frenchman. At the same time he warned him of the necessity there now was for the observance of the strictest caution, as each moment might bring them in contact with some ambuscade.

Acknowledging this, Vernon directed the old

hunter, with a portion of his corps, to proceed about fifty yards in advance, and Tasharah, with a division of his Iroquois, at the same distance to bring up the rear. By this he relieved his main body, allowing it more room to act in case of a surprise, and rendered any ambush of his enemies very unlikely to remain undetected. However, neither this day, nor the next, did any sign of neighbourhood to their enemies appear.

The sixth day now arrived, and its morning sun shone upon many in the full enjoyment of health, who by the eve were unable to brush away the worm, or scare the raven and the wolf from feasting on their carcases.

"Major," observed Sure Scent to his commander, "I jist guis the Frencher is up to some of his tricks."

"Why so?" enquired the old officer, "I can perceive nothing to warrant your suspicions."

"Trust an old hunter to diskiver when his innimies are on the move," replied Sure Seent,

with much self complacency. "Do you see them smokes on the hill? Well, they're to say wer'e coming."

"I cannot conceive," said Vernon, "how those fires can have any connection with us. True they might be to make known our approach, but is it not just as probable they may be those of some hunters who have lit them ignorant of each other's vicinity?"

"Ah! Major," replied Sure Scent, shaking his head and smiling, "I dare say you know all about the white ways of fighting and skrimmaging, but you don't know much of the ways out here. You see, yon smokes can't be made by Injians or by hunters, for if they were friends they'd make but one blaze of it, and if they were innimies before ever the wood could be hot they'd be at one another's scalps. 'Sides that, any one can see them fires are made only for the sake of their smoke. There's damp bush with it."

Convinced from his own observations that he could not be far from the Frenchman's retreat.

Vernon at once perceiving the probability of the fires, the smoke of which he beheld, being intended as warning beacons of his approach, ordered a halt that he might make such arrangements as the nature of the ground required.

Scarcely, however, had he completed these to his satisfaction, and had given the order to proceed, when Tasharah, who had been with the scouts in advance, came to his commander and informed him that a body of the enemy had been discovered in an ambush, whose retreat he had already directed to be cut off by the passage of some of the warriors of his nation upon their rear, and he requested that a short halt might be caused to allow time for this being effected.

To describe, however, more accurately the following occurrences, we must pourtray to the reader the ground upon which they occurred. To the left of the party, whose hostile expedition we have thus far traced, arose some rough shaggy hills, whose declivities abounded with thick underwood; but to the right lay a large open plain

that with the exception of a few occasional dips or waves, was perfectly level, and presented nothing to impede the sight. The grass, however, was tall, and dry from the effects of the summer heat, and was of sufficient height to have concealed a foe, but Vernon's precautions had obviated almost any danger of this description.

On the slope of one of these hills Laborde had planned an ambuscade, and amidst the shade of some of the bushes lay concealed, and as they imagined securely so, a party of Piquot warriors, who were waiting with patience until their enemies should be sufficiently near to allow of their discharging their weapons with certainty, after which they intended to effect their escape before the survivors among their foes could avenge the fall of their friends. But little did they think that the eagle's eye was upon them, or that the vulture was whetting his beak preparatory to the feast that they were to afford him in a manner far different to the one they were then purposing.

According to the Mohawk's wish, the Major halted for a short period, and Tasharah having collected about forty of the scouters, waited to allow sufficient time for the party he had dispatched to arrive upon the rear of those whose meditated mischief would so justly recoil upon themselves, and then gave the direction to advance. Warily, and as so many snakes did the Iroquois approach their foes. The Piquots, ignorant of the designs of their foes, were lying about their cover fully impressed with the idea of their own security, which alone vanished as the reports of the weapons and the cries of their successful enemies met their ears; and very many of them sunk under the first discharge. Those who survived, as soon as they recovered from their first surprise, proceeded to offer a short but stubborn resistance. This was speedily overcome, and the Mohawk with his followers descended bearing near a score of scalps.

It was during this short conflict, that Vernon experienced the great difficulty of his command;

and scarce could he restrain the impetuous borderers from rushing directly to the affray, as soon as they heard the weapons, and exulting whoops of their Indian allies.

As he was now approaching an enemy, who was evidently both expecting and prepared to receive him, Vernon considered it would be preferable to hold his men as much together as possible, and he listened to a proposition of Martin, to take advantage of the wind, that blew upon their backs, to fire the long grass, which would serve a twofold purpose, since it would dislodge any lurking foe, and allow the numbers now employed scouting to be united to the main body; as the eyes of the leaders would then become sufficient to detect any movements of their enemies.

Having given the order, it was not long before the whole prairie became a prey to the flames, and the fire rolling rapidly away, allowed, after a short period, the party to proceed forwards without any cause to dread a surprise. By this the Major recovered the Indians whose duty it had

hitherto been to scout; whom he placed upon his rear, and then directed the march to be resumed. True, the fire had destroyed the trail, but there was now no longer any necessity for its guidance. From the direction it had hitherto invariably pursued, Vernon had fully satisfied himself that Laborde must have borne his daughter to his own home; the position of which was well known to many of his followers.

The sun had already passed his meridian as the Major came within sight of a river that ran across the direct continuation of his line of march. During the short halt he considered necessary for the purpose of refreshing his men, he directed Tasharah with about a score of his tribe to proceed to discover if the ford, the only means of passing this impediment, were free, and if none appeared from whom opposition might be expected; upon neither of which particulars could he satisfy himself without quitting his force. We have already, in describing the surrounding scenery, mentioned the

hills to the left; these, stretching down to the stream, concealed the ford from the view of those who were in the Major's position, and thus it became necessary for the latter, before proceeding farther, to assure himself of the state of the path that laid before him through the medium of others.

Quickly, however, Tasharah returned; bringing with him rather unexpected intelligence that this very spot was in the possession of the enemy, who were at that moment crossing it in force; and Tasharah concluded by saying—

"Before the white-headed Chief can put his hand in the water, he will see the warriors of the Frenchman passing like a herd of buffaloes into the prairie. Let him prepare and not be caught asleep. Let my father move his warriors swiftly, for the deceitful man has strong horses with him and braves who carry sharp knives at the end of their thunder."

The Major could not entirely suppress a sensation of anxiety when he heard that his enemy

was supported both by cavalry and regular infantry: and perceiving how very disadvantageously he was placed to resist with his undisciplined troops against those, he proceeded at once to quit ground so unfavourable to himself. Desiring Tasharah to lead the way, he rapidly fell back upon his left so as to gain the security of the hills before the amount of his numbers could be ascertained, or his opponents should have entered the plain.

CHAPTER VII.

Bright glanc'd the sun upon their ranks array'd.
Light danc'd their banners to the breeze display'd:
The gen'rous steed now tosses wild his mane,
Chafes at the bit, and seems to spurn the rein.
The rider views with inward joy the flash
Of his fair sabre—listens to the crash
Of the loud clarion with mad delight,
And eager pants to join him in the fight.
The squadron forms. Ten minutes intervene
Ere death and carnage have usurp'd the scene.
They mingle now with awful, fearful crash;
Steed 'gainst steed, and man to man they dash.

WITH no other attendant than a hunter, whose countenance, expressive of villany, would rather have provoked any cautious traveller to desire his absence than his company, did Laborde and Alice commence their journey.

We have already observed that the prominent trait in the Frenchman's character was revenge; whilst second to it in the power that it exercised over his mind, was his readiness to suspect. The influence of either of these was now conjoined to excite the fiercest of his passions against her who accompanied him. He imagined that Maria's coldness towards him was the result of the communication she had had with Alice, whilst he conceived that the latter's design of separating from him was only with intent of putting into execution some plan of vengeance she meditated for the conduct he had pursued towards her. In his bosom there was not a single voice to plead in her behalf. He had long ceased to love, and a far stronger feeling than dislike held the place the former passion once occupied. His interest and his hatred alone were heard at the hurried council of his soul, and directed him how to form his resolution.

A body of regular troops had been promised by the government to aid him in his resistance

to Vernon's inroad, whose projected attack he had represented was intended to be directed especially against himself. These had not arrived, and in hopes of being able to meet them and expedite their journey, he resolved to proceed upon the road by which they must approach, purposing at the same time to execute the horrible design that he had formed.

For many miles the travellers held their way through the forest, scarcely encountering anything possessed of life. Conscious of the crime he meditated, Laborde, whenever he addressed himself to Alice, simulated a tone of affection, as though he feared she might suspect, and he would thus conceal his purpose from her. But this time he deceived her not. She had learnt to distrust this affectation, so frequently had its real character been revealed to her. Finding himself unsuccessful, he sank into a moody silence, that he preserved without interruption for a considerable period.

They now approached the banks of one of the

tributaries to the Richlieu, where, dismounting, Laborde directed his male companion to produce the contents of a wallet which he carried with him. Seating himself near to Alice, he encouraged her in rather a gay tone to imitate his example, and commenced making what was apparently only a frugal repast, but which was in truth to be to one of them "the feast of death."

Producing two bottles, one of which contained spirits and the other wine, he poured out for Alice a glass of the latter, whilst he served himself frequently to the more exciting contents of the former. Knowing, to perform what he contemplated, that it would require all the gentle and reflecting portions of his mind to be expelled, to make way for the savage and the tiger, he drank frequently; but now, happening to cast his eye towards Alice, he perceived her glass to be untouched, and depicted in her countenance an undefined feeling of terror; for seeing the draughts he was taking, and the loneliness of

the place, her heart became filled with, if not fear, at least uneasiness.

"Alice," he observed, "you do but little justice to our sylvan repast. Your glass is entirely neglected. Do you dislike the wine, or perhaps my presence damps all manifestation of joy, or, may be, you are calculating the moments that you have still to be afflicted with my company?"

"You wrong me," replied Alice: "but since you desire it I will drink." As she spoke she raised her glass and drank off its contents: Laborde viewed the empty glass with pleasure. He noticed not the expression of dismay that took possession of her countenance, but refilling it, he said, in a tone of voice in which he was unable entirely to dissemble his joy—

"Come, you must not object. One more glass, for from the strange resolution you have taken I fear we may never drink together again. I will give you a toast—'may we speedily be

re-united.' No! no!" he continued, half shuddering as he spoke, "not that. Here —— what shall we drink? But never mind the toast so that you drain the glass."

"I wish not to drink more," replied Alice; "I have already taken sufficient."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" said Laborde; "you surely do not think that it will hurt you. I insist upon this glass, and will take no denial."

"Then I obey," cried Alice, fixing her eyes full on those of Laborde, and raising her glass she drained it a second time. "Henry," she continued, "I know full well what I have taken, and I thank you for it. It is better that I should meet my fate thus than live and attempt to execute a resolution, I shall not perhaps, be able to observe."

"What mean you?" he enquired, "surely you do not imagine that I would poison you?"

"I fear what you have just uttered is the truth," she replied; "ah, even now I feel its power. How benumbed, how sleepy

I feel. Henry, let me place my head upon your shoulder. Let me rest it there for the last time. Oh! refuse me not," as she spoke she sought to lay her head upon his bosom, but he shrunk from supporting her, and she sank to the ground in a state of insensibility. Her potion had been drugged.

Laborde arose, a smile of triumph lit up his countenance, and he beckoned the hunter to approach. When the latter had arrived he said, "See, Gasper, she is quiet enough. You may do it now without fear of having your remorse awakened by any touching and pathetic appeals, or your conscience haunted by the remembrance of blood or cries of mercy. It is but the work o an instant. Take her to the water and it will quickly do what you are afraid to allow your hands to perform?"

"I don't half like it," replied the other, "I don't care much what I do, but to drown a woman seems to go against me."

"Fool! that you are," exclaimed Laborde,

"you said that you cared for nothing as long as she could not speak. Now then, if you are willing to learn, take a lesson from me."

Raising Alice in his arms the Frenchman bore her to the steepest part of the bank. A heavy plunge told that the deed was accomplished. For a few minutes he continued gazing upon the water fearful lest she should rise, but the stream glided on as clearly as though it concealed no tale of horror.

Unmoved by the tragedy he had just committed, Laborde in a few minutes had re-mounted his horse, and guided by his companion proceeded to regain the track by which he hoped to encounter the detachments which he had been led to expect. The day past and the night fell around without a sign being discovered of those he sought. Towards noon upon the following day, almost at the same moment as he was thinking of giving up his attempt as vain, and of retracing his steps, he perceived arms sparkling in the distance and presently recog-

nised, by their uniforms, the soldiers of his country.

A few words served to make him acquainted with Duronde, the young officer in command, who, as soon as he became acquainted with the necessity, gave orders to his men to expedite their march as much as possible.

For three days had Laborde been absent from his home, and now he had begun to hope that in a few hours he would again be within its walls. He was riding in advance of the troop, engaged in conversation with its officer, when he observed a horseman approaching, whom he speedily recognised as one of his mounted tenantry. The latter informed him that the enemy had been discovered advancing towards his residence, and that he had been dispatched to overtake him and enquire what course should be pursued by the garrison.

Directing Duronde to follow him as quickly as possible, Laborde struck his spurs into his horse, and putting to the utmost the animal's speed he had soon arrived at his home.

By an affectation of repentance of his former misconduct, and as none of his proceedings since quitting France had been discovered, Laborde had succeeded in deceiving his guardian, and as the former apparently amended, the latter became less severe. The period for his obtaining his monetary property required now but a very few months to elapse, and he thus was enabled to obtain and borrow almost any sum he pleased. The prospect that seemed to spread itself before his eyes was of a nature too flattering to his vanity not to please, and he had spared nothing by which he might render it substantial.

Assembling his force he found himself, independent of the regulars whom he knew would quickly arrive, at the head of near three hundred men, of whom two thirds were hunters who had joined him under promise of remuneration; fifty were Indians of the Piquot tribe, and the remainder, whom he had mounted and accoutred as cavalry, was composed of all the males resident upon his property.

Laborde had been deceived by the scout whom he had appointed to give information of an enemy's approach. He was a young warrior upon his first path, who, in his eagerness to show his watchfulness, the instant that he had discovered Vernon's advance, had signalled what appeared to him to be the latter's strength, forgetting to take into consideration those who might be scouting or otherwise concealed; and when he had discovered his mistake he was too proud to correct it, and thus admit himself incompetent for the duty to which he had been appointed. Imagining himself to be superior to his adversary both in numbers and the nature of his troops, he resolved as soon as he should be joined by Duronde, to proceed in search of the former.

In the course of about an hour the young officer arrived, and Laborde immediately set his force in motion. After a short march he arrived within sight of the Major, whom he found prepared to receive him and drawn up in as strong

a position as the nature of the ground would permit.

Quitting his troops, the Frenchman approached as near as he dared to his opponents for the purpose of reconnoitering. The latter, however, were posted in a manner that he could discover nothing, either of their force or disposition, their numbers being concealed from his view among the underwood that grew around the hill they occupied; whilst at its base three ramparts had been erected, composed of bush and shrub, in advance of which had been placed some few of the English hunters.

Perceiving that to attack his adversary he must expose his own men, Laborde withdrew farther into the plain in hopes of prevailing upon Vernon to enter the open ground; and arranged his forces in three lines. In his first he placed Durande, in the second his hunters, in the third his cavalry and reserve of Piquots; but his enemy did not appear desirous of accepting the

combat he thus offered, and remained in his hold without manifesting any hostile intention.

Finding himself compelled to take the initiative, the Frenchman directed his Piquots to drive back the hunters, whom Vernon had placed in advance of his defences; and presently a smart skirmish ensued in which the whites, through their inferiority of numbers, were compelled to yield and retire for support upon their friends, leaving many of their comrades stretched upon the ground, and being hotly pursued by the exulting Indians. But the latter were soon checked by the arrival of a reinforcement, that the Major dispatched to the assistance of the former, and the contest once again became warm. The retreating English rallied and turned upon their pursuers, who in their turn were compelled to retreat, until, joined by aid sent to them by their leader, they were enabled to present a front as extensive as their foes'. Equal in force, and imagining that each individual act of prow-

ess and of bravery was witnessed by their comrades, alike the warriors of the English and the French preferred sinking beneath the blows of their enemies, to yielding one step of ground. Vain pride, since who, at the distance of a few yards, could distinguish a friend from amid the melée and confusion.

It was not without experiencing a strong feeling of uneasiness, that Vernon perceived how obstinate the combat had become, and so many of his men exposed to the danger of being cut off; or else that he would be compelled, for their protection, to accept battle in the open ground. Hoping, however, to decide the contest favourably for his own party, before his opponents could profit by their situation, he ordered a division of hunters to skirt round the combatants, and, interposing between the French and their main body, take them in the rear.

In obedience with this, about two score of whites hurried to the spot where their comrades were hardly maintaining their ground. Uttering

a loud whoop, they fell upon the French and Piquot warriors, who, unprepared to receive, succombed to their attack. A minute before their arrival, it would have been impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Figures in the crowd flitted hither and thither, but whose they were, even at a short distance, could not be told. Weapons gleamed, the death-shriek and the shout of victory came together to the ear; but whose was the blade upon the bright steel of which the sun had glanced, or from whom proceeded the cry of agony and of conquest, remained unknown. A minute after their arrival, and the confusion had ceased. Here and there might be seen some party of the victors surrounding a small knot of foemen, who, with their blankets around their arms, and knives or rifles in their hands, were holding their enemies at bay, while they endeavoured to escape; and again, in some other spot, might be observed a collection of English around some fallen or desperately wounded comrade.

A few minutes more, and all opposition had

ceased, but the conquerors were far from obeying the commands of their chief. In place of returning, as they had been directed, with one common movement, they proceeded towards the French line, dispersing themselves along its whole extent, and committing for the time fearful havoc, whilst they either did not observe or disregarded the many signals made to them.

Laborde had immediately perceived the opportunity offered to him, and ordered his cavalry to take advantage of it. The latter, in two bodies, simultaneously made their appearance upon the extremities of Duronde's lines, and falling upon their opponents swept off and annihilated whatever was opposed to them. Whilst this was proceeding, Vernon had issued from his hold; for though he was well aware of the danger attendant upon the step, yet he was unable to remain a passive spectator of the butchery of his men, and now led forth a portion of his force to offer a nearer asylum to those who should fly. This was also observed by the Frenchman. A

smile crossed his countenance, but not the casual one of mirth. It arose from triumphant joy at the anticipated slaughter of his foes; for now he regarded the day as being certainly his own. He directed Duronde to advance, to pierce at the charge-step through the ranks of the enemy, to obtain possession of the three defences, and drive from off the hill whatever garrison might have been left by their foes. Half of his hunters he directed to support this attempt, whilst the remainder, passing round to the left, were to take their enemies' position in the rear.

Vernon, on account of the confusion, did not perceive directly that the Frenchman's troops were in motion; and not until the latter had approached nigh to him, did he become acquainted with their vicinity. Recognising at once the peril he would be exposed to, if he permitted the encounter his foes were seeking, he ordered a retreat; and, accustomed to the sudden emergencies of war, his men performed the retrograde

movement better than their commander had expected. At this moment another cause of apprehension commenced to threaten him. The enemies' cavalry, that had already destroyed the dispersed hunters, united, and forming upon his right flank prepared to charge.

To receive this attack whilst in motion, Vernon knew, with his undisciplined force, would considerably aggravate the risk; and he considered it preferable to command a halt, although the delay might allow the Frenchman to overtake him. Forming his men into two lines, he presented one face towards the menacing body of cavalry, and the other towards the swiftly approaching infantry.

Down came the former, but hunters and men who had dared the rage of the buffalo upon their native plains, feared not a horse, though urged to his utmost speed. They deliberately pulled their triggers upon the rushing squadron and full half were either unhorsed or put hors-de-combat, whilst those who escaped were borne

away a considerable distance by their affrighted and ill-trained animals.

Duronde had observed the halt made by his opponents, and encouraged his men to greater exertions. In spite of the fearful fire under which they advanced the French approached within a few paces of the English line. The latter beheld with anything but composure the uniform appearance presented by their foe. Accustomed to rely entirely upon themselves and but little upon their fellows, they had but a very small idea of a combined movement, and surprised when they beheld one, they imagined its shock must be irresistible. First wavering they, as the levelled bayonets of their opponents drew nearer parted to the right and left allowing them a free and unopposed passage. The French repaid this act of courtesy by discharging their weapons into the ranks of their enemy, and then continued onwards without deviation towards the position they had been directed to take possession of. Not so, however, with the hunters,

who followed in their rear; these breaking up the order they had until now observed, fell upon their adversaries, who, being superior in numbers, were not long before they avenged themselves for the fear they had so lately permitted to influence them.

Duronde easily overthrew the slight opposition offered to him at the defences which Martin had been left to protect, for the latter's authority had proved unequal to restrain the greater part of his command from proceeding to the assistance of their friends when they perceived the danger to which the latter were exposed, but here his successes terminated.

With unusual forbearance, Kennedy, to whom had been confided the charge of the rear, had refrained himself from either going to the commander's succour, or giving intimation of the latter's peril to his comrades. Alone when the French had commenced mounting the hill did he call them around him and unite them to the Major's corps that had been left as a reserve.

Drawing up his force he prepared to receive his enemy, who was advancing under a most harrassing fire maintained by a party of Iroquois, headed by Tasharah, who had placed themselves upon their flanks.

In perfect silence the English awaited the approach of their foes; each rifle being as coolly directed at an opponent's bosom, as a few days previous they had been pointed at a target erected in the Major's practice ground. Frank gave the word and a hundred rifles flashed forth their contents.

Perceiving a force in front even considerably larger than that which he commanded, and fearful if he should attempt to dislodge it, that he might give Vernon an opportunity of cutting him off from the plain, and enclosing him in a position where the discipline of his troops would be of no avail, Duronde considered that it would be most prudent to retreat and gave his command to that effect. Facing round and followed by another discharge that stretched many who

obeyed him on the ground, he commenced his descent. Kennedy allowed him thus easily to escape, for Laborde's hunters had now appeared and manifested their intention of attacking the post entrusted to his guardianship.

Vernon, as soon as he had been able to rally his men and reduce them to something like order, led them upon the footsteps of the French. The distance that the latter were before him not permitting him to overtake them, he had the mortification of beholding the easy overthrow of Martin at the barricades, and with considerable anxiety witnessed the enemy following up their success, and advancing towards the crest of the hill. Soon, however, this feeling yielded to pleasure, when he perceived them repulsed, and he arranged his men directly in the path they were pursuing.

At a glance Duronde recognised the odds opposed to him, and whilst he halted his troops to allow them a short rest he gave them a few hurried directions. Putting his force again in

motion he approached where Vernon awaited him.

"Surrender!" shouted the latter.

"Never!" said Duronde in French.

"Then fire!" cried the Major, and as he spoke his followers observed the command. Duronde also heard it, and made a signal. His men obeyed and falling upon their faces the storm flew harmlessly over their heads. Starting upon their feet scarce half a minute brought them to the English line. Closely they poured the fire they had reserved into the living wall before them, and again unable to resist their opponents, opened a passage through their centre. Not until their enemy had fairly passed did the English and their Indian allies recover from their torpor, and with a cry of vengeance prepared to leap upon their rear. Fortunately for the preservation of Duronde, Laborde had by this rallied his discomfitted cavalry, and now came to his assistance. At full speed he charged into the midst of his enemy, whilst the sabres of

his men were well dyed in blood and did fearful execution.

Dismayed at this attack, and unwilling to provoke a second, the English offered no violence to the retreating Frenchmen, but returning to the aid of their friends, revenged themselves for their late loss by exterminating the brave band that had attacked their rear.

Laborde, with his cavalry, the remains of Duronde's command, and few hunters proceeded as quickly as possible towards the residence. As he entered his home it was with an oath that if his foes should destroy him he would not perish alone; and if hearts rejoiced they should also grieve over the mangled ashes that would form one common grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

Remorseless they, who hov'ring o'er the plain
Where battle's grim array select the slain ;
Who stamp the death dews on the menial's brow,
And round the noblest twine the cypress bough.
'Tis they who edge the keen uplifted brand;
Or urge the arrow from the archer's hand.
Who poise the lance—by whom the spear head's dy'd,
Or swift through air the fatal death shots guide.
The virgin sword falls from the youthful grasp,
Bright dreams of love, and glory, all are past.
The scheming traitor sinks into the grave,
And parts his tomb amid the loyal brave.
But far too oft with sorrow, bitter, deep,
Nations, at their dread hand, a hero weep.

THE Major, as soon as he was left at liberty by the flight of his enemy, whose pursuit he committed to Tasharah and the Iroquois, gave directions that the hurt of either party should be cared for, and the wounded collected for burial. Few

were the wounded from among his opponents who were brought to claim his sympathy and attention; for after he had given express commands that they, who no longer offered resistance, should not be injured, he perceived Sure Scent completing the destruction of a disabled Frenchman by striking him with his ready knife; and when he inquired of the old hunter how it was that he himself should thus set an example of disobedience, he received the following reply to his question.

"Now look'y, Major, s'pose that we hadn't given these Frenchers a precious licking, or if by any 'utlandish tricks they'd got to be top of us, do you think they wouldn't have driven their knives right away into our ribs, or either you or I'd ha' had our scalps, though they'd chopped our legs off before they got us? If you say so, well you don't know anything of the nation of them, and I'll tell you they'd ha' fingered our hair 'afore ever you'd ha' told them not to be so quick. Why shouldn't I take a fellur's scalp as would

ha' taken mine. 'Sides, Major, you've forgot if we wern't to finish for these imps, you'd have to watch them all night when they were ill, and when they're well you mightn't take your eyes off 'em, or they'd be at getting round you, and playing you some nasty trick."

Having thus delivered himself of his sentiments, he proceeded upon his errand, and wherever a groan drew his attention to the suffering foeman, he who was in pain endured no more.

A grave had been prepared in the bed of the river, which from the long drought of summer had left a portion of its source dry. Into this the dead of either party, some few of the Englishlish, and near all of the French being mutilated by the loss of their scalps, were hastily plunged, and unhallowed by a prayer, as it received its occupants, it was more often desecrated by the obscene jest than blessed by the tear and sigh of grief or friendship. The wounded, who required the assistance of their comrades, amounted to about a score; for the tomahawk or knife,

when in experienced hands, but seldom requires to repeat its blow.

Having performed this last office of kindness for those who had fallen in his behalf, and of generosity towards those who, though unsuccessful, had opposed him gallantly, and divided among his men the weapons and other property of the deceased, Vernon directed his men to be collected together, and then gave the word to proceed.

The wounded being placed upon litters formed of boughs, were borne by their friends, and the march that the late conflict had interrupted was resumed; the conquerors quitting the ground they had watered with their blood; but many who turned their backs upon the dearly purchased conquest, and hurried forwards proudly and gaily anticipating further advantages over their discomfited enemy, imagined not whose was the hand extended towards them, nor how the fatal dart was even then being poised against their own bosoms.

Without interruption they crossed the river, and after about an hour's march, arrived within sight of Laborde's fortress, the siege of which had already commenced by the Iroquois.

Bringing his men as nearly as possible to his enemy's hold, Vernon distributed his force in the best manner he was able, either to harass his opponents or secure himself from any attempts of the latter. Whilst he was thus employed he dispatched one of his followers with a summons to his foe to surrender; stipulating for the restoration of his daughter, with the delivery of what warlike stores the other was possessed, and if these terms were complied with, that he would himself immediately withdraw; but, if his offer should not be attended to, the Frenchman would have to expect no favor when driven by necessity he should be compelled to accept harder and harsher terms.

The answer was what he both feared and expected it would be; Laborde replied to his messenger that he was as well prepared for resistance

as his opponents were for attacking him; that he possessed both arms and men, and with these would find no difficulty to maintain himself until relieved.

"But had this not been the case," the Frenchman continued, "you may tell your master, I never would have surrendered myself to him, having no better pledge than his bare word for the observance of his terms, since he has already once disregarded its obligation by deceiving me as to the parole I granted him whilst my prisoner. With regard to his daughter, I sincerely hope he will not begin too soon disturbing me with his threatened attack, as I purpose very shortly having the marriage ceremony performed between her and myself; and I hope that he will not permit my nuptial night to be disturbed by the cries of his murderous followers; besides most unfortunately she must be exposed to the effects of his fire, and if he be desirous of not shedding her blood, he must be sparing of employing his weapons."

Conceiving from the nature of the reply, which was delivered to him pretty literally by the woodsman who had borne the summons, that the determination of his opponent to resist was out of all power of being influenced by him through words, Vernon, urged alike by his duty, which forbade him delay, and by his anxiety to deliver his child from the danger that appeared to menace her, resolved to hurry forwards his plans for reducing the Frenchman to a speedy surrender.

The day was fast drawing towards a close, and in about an hour, darkness would favour whatever he should design. The orb gradually sank, it approached the horizon, and then disappeared, leaving the task to night of veiling deeds that its light could not hinder from taking place.

Tasharah and Sure Scent had both been directed to hold themselves in readiness to obey any commands that might be given them, and collecting their men, who had been scattered watching

the enemy, they awaited the further instructions of their officer.

Martin and Kennedy with their respective troops, had been dispatched to the neighbouring wood, charged to cut down, and, as soon as the evening would permit its being done unobserved, to convey to an indicated spot, the larger branches and bush. This task the woodsmen expeditiously performed, and as the evening fell a very considerable heap attested to their zeal.

Vernon determined to wait until the darkness would still farther cloak his designs, and more effectually conceal his plans from observation; evening was gone, the twilight faded away, and now night sat brooding over the scene with outstretched pinions.

The fitting moment had arrived and the signal was given; immediately the young woodsmen, each seizing a portion as the production of their labor, advanced towards their enemies' position.

The instant they were discovered they were greeted by a brisk fire, that however did them but little damage, as what they bore, together with the darkness, shielded their persons from observation Their foes' shot flew harmlessly around whilst the borderers placed their burdens upon the verge of the ditch, and thus raised a rampart, behind which they could be concealed, and almost within arm's length of their enemy, who presently, when they found the inutility of the attempt, ceased to annoy their opponents, and awaited in watchful silence the further proceedings of the latter, most heartily desiring, at the same time, for the appearance of the luminary of night, who might reveal to them the designs on which they were engaged.

Within this circular rampart had been left a narrow division large enough to contain two men. In the shade of this knelt the Major directing a hunter, who leaning over the edge was forming with a sharpened stake an excavation in the opposite bank, so as to extend as near as

possible beneath the palisade defence. The noise occasioned by this operation was concealed from the enemy's attention by the continual discharges that the remainder of the English force kept up, and the former remained in perfect ignorance of how speedily was proceeding towards completion this device, until its discovery could no longer be beneficial nor its effects warded off.

Both Tasharah and Sure Scent had been directed to place their men under the friendly protection of this newly erected rampart; this done the Mohawk chief, who did not consider his presence among his warriors at that moment necessary, proceeded in search of his former preceptor.

He found the old hunter seated upon the ground, his rifle across his knees, and his head leaning upon his hands, whilst his whole attitude was that of one lost in a moody contemplation. After a long period of silence, during which the other neither looked up nor appeared con-

scious of his pupil's vicinity the Iroquois observed,

"Has the spirit of sleep come to the soul of my father? are his eyes heavy? is he wearied because he has gone a long way? or is his spirit like a canoe on the big waters when Metchi Maniton is angry, and it is tossed and troubled by the spirits of storms?"

Raising his eyes with a melancholy expression the old hunter paused for some moments before he replied, and then, with a half sigh, he said,

"A hunter who has followed on the trail of the moose has legs like the buffalo that cannot tire, but his soul is like the sun when it is behind a black cloud. Would an Iroquois laugh the night before his enemies tie him to the stake? or will he be sad when he thinks of the maidens of his tribe, of his friends, of his rifle, and of the hunting grounds of his people where are the deer and bears? He will be sorry that he is going to die although he were very brave; he

will wish that he could still see the faces that are bright for him, and sound his war whoop at which his enemies trembled."

"The words of my father are true, but why should he be sad? He will not die, for his heart is brave and his arm is strong, but his enemies are cowards, and are very weak. Let him say what it is makes his soul so heavy."

The hunter, after a long silence, replied in the tone of one repeating a dreaded but yet a certain prophecy. "The Spirit of Sleep took the soul of a hunter to a far prairie, towards the setting sun, near where are the dwellings of the Sioux; and a warrior, but not of the Sioux, he was as a brave of the nation of the French, took his horse and marked it, but it was more like a Yengese hunter than a strong swift beast, and he sent it forth to the prairie as a gift to the Great Spirit. Then came a strong wind from the south, and the hunter was obliged to go towards the land of souls. When the battle was over," continued the old man, after a short interruption

to allow his auditor to discover the signification of this dream, "and when the war-whoop no longer was heard, then the bird that loves to see the bodies of warriors came and sounded his cry thrice in the hunter's ears, and then went towards where is the hunter's star when the sun has sunk in the far waters. Then Sure Scent knew he was to die, and that the little Manitons had lighted fires to warm him whilst he journeyed to the Land of Spirits. When the next sun shall shake the salt waters from off his head, the hunter will be upon a long journey, and his soul travel over a very cold country."

"Let my father remain still. Let the war-whoop rest in his mouth, and let not his thunder speak, for his son would be very sorry if a Piquot were to take his scalp," said the Mohawk, after some minutes thought. His original faith in the significancy of dreams and omens considerably outweighing the remembrance of those lessons wherein Maria had sought to impress upon him the error and futility of such a belief.

"Should a hunter, whose head is white, be afraid to die?" replied the old man rather quickly and angrily. "Is he able to take a rattlesnake by the tail without its biting him, that he thinks he may hide his head when the Great Spirit looks for him? or can he live when the Great Maniton puts forth his hand to stop his breath? He is not foolish, nor is he wicked, and if the tomahawk is raised to kill him he will not run that he may be thrust with a knife from behind. A warrior knows how to prevent his enemy from taking his scalp, so let the heart of my son be light; the hair of him who taught an Iroquois boy to be a warrior shall never hang in the smoke of a fire of his enemies."

"Let my father say," observed the Chief, who would have considered it rank heresy to doubt the truth of the interpretation his companion had placed upon his dream: "let my father say what would he have his son do when he has gone towards the happy grounds. Would he like that the wise medicine man of his people

should come, and talk to his spirit as it goes on the long journey? If he say yes, Tasharah will send and fetch him."

"Let my son listen," replied Sure Scent. "It is now a great many winters, six times as many as a warrior has fingers, since his father became a hunter, and trod in the path of leaves, and followed the trail of the buffalo. From whose cabins was it that he took the maiden who died two moons after she had entered his lodge? Was it not from among the Iroquois? With what people has he gone most often to the hunt and to war? Was it not with the Iroquois? Who have said to him most often when he was young, 'brother,' or when his hair became white, 'father?' Was it the Yengese? No, for it was the Iroquois. Let a Mohawk Chief do to an old hunter as he would to a brave of his own nation."

"The ears of Tasharah have drunk in the words of his father as does the thirsty deer the waters of the stream that lies in its path. As

he goes to the hunting grounds the spirits of warriors shall say: This is a brave, for see how full are his hands; and they will know my father's heart was strong, and that his enemies trembled when he was near."

Sure Scent once again relapsed into silence, and the time past quickly and unheeded by, whilst he appeared giving the reins to the current of his thoughts, but memory presently reminded him that there was one friend for whom he had not provided, one who had faithfully served him and had extricated him from many a difficulty. Turning to the Chief, he said, raising his rifle, whilst a tear at the idea of parting—the only one that for years he had shed—spread over his eye, and trembled on the lid: "Though the scalp of a hunter shall not dry in the wigwam of his enemy, yet his thunder that never lied might be in the hands of a Piquot, or a Frenchman, and his soul would be very sad. Let my son give his rifle, and he shall have the thunder of a

hunter that never sung, and whose lightning has called on the swiftest deer to stop; has bid the larcajon stop in her spring, and has sent the spirits of many warriors upon their long journey. Let my son take it," the hunter continued, "but let him promise in the ears of the hunter that taught him the ways of the war-path, that once in every long sun he will slay with it, when the snow begins to melt, a bear of the forest; or when the plains become dry, a buffalo; or when the leaves begin to fall, a deer shall again hear its voice. The spirit of a hunter would be very sad if when he were gone his thunder were to become as the bow and arrows in the hand of a boy. Though my son shall be a white man, he will not let this be, but will sometimes slay a deer, or a buffalo, that the spirit of an old man may be glad "

"The thunder of a warrior," replied the Chief, "shall often be heard. The rifle of my father shall not sleep, but its voice shall be heard in the hands of Tasharah."

The conversation here dropped, and the exchange of weapons being effected in silence, either remained motionless, and without speaking, until the arrival of a messenger from Vernon bearing directions for the employment of their divisions.

After nigh an hour's labor the hunter reported his task as completed, and that he had drilled a hole in the proper direction of sufficient dimensions to receive the charge purposed to be placed within. Having first satisfied himself that this was the case, the Major, taking another stake, to which a bent nail had been attached, affixed to it a bag containing about two pounds of powder, which he carefully deposited in the bed prepared for its reception. Two other parcels with contents as powerful as the former were successively placed in the same position. In connection with these was placed a long hollow reed, that had previously been filled with powder, and had one of its extremities stopped with clay to prevent its charge from escaping.

This end was thrust into the centre of the mine the other being rested upon the bank.

Having succeeded thus far agreeably to his wishes, he next directed the removal of a considerable portion of the rampart, lest, when the train should be fired, the bush would be ignited, and his men exposed by the light to the observation of the enemy; and on that side upon which the mischief was intended to be wrought, to the surprise of some of the French who were watching nigh the spot, as rapidly as it had arisen and been formed, did the wall of bush and bramble disappear.

Before fixing the mine, the Major proceeded to give directions to and distribute his men at the different parts towards which, in the ensuing attack, they were to direct their attention. The passage over the breach, which it was expected the explosion would cause, was confided to Kennedy and Sure Scent, and the former was alone permitted to join in the dangerous enterprize from the earnest manner in which he had re-

quested the honor. Standing a short distance back in the gloom, were several young borderers bearing upon their strong and willing shoulders some large branches lopped of their smaller twigs, which were intended to serve as a bridge to the assailing party. Tasharah's Iroquois were directed to seek a passage over the fosse by swimming, and then to surmount the barricades by climbing, or remove their opposition by means of their tomahawks and knives. Martin was to attempt the same plan but without dividing his force. Some of the Indians were withheld from joining their Chief for the purpose of forming a cordon around the point attacked and hindering the escape of the discomfited enemy, whilst the Major's own corps was reserved by its commander to meet anything at present unforseen that might occur.

There now remained but to fire the train that had been disposed, from the spot where the charged reed lay for some paces in length. This duty Vernon assumed to himself, and having di-

rected all who might be injured by the explosion to retire to a safe distance, he applied the match. The powder ignited, and steadily the fire ran along the train. A bright flash—a sudden explosion—the rending of wood, and the sound of splashing water, followed its coming in contact with the mine. As the Major had expected, on the arrival of the assailing party at the brink of the ditch, a way had already been prepared for them by the falling in of a considerable portion of the opposite bank; that, nearly filling the intervening chasm, removed by its ruins one of the greatest impediments in the way of a passage. No foe for the instant appeared, and the only sign of life was to be found in the half stifled groans of a few Frenchmen, whom duty or curiosity had drawn to the spot to be involved in one common destruction. Their pain had but a short period of duration, and their relief from suffering was speedy.

Swiftly the rough bridge was stretched from bank to bank. Over it the young borderers,

headed by Kennedy, impetuously rushed. The old hunters followed more warily and coolly, but not one whit less eagerly, and many of the Frenchmen overwhelmed by surprise fell, without having struck a blow in their defence. The others, however, were speedily roused; the numbers were about equal, but the assailed fought far the more fiercely, as their sole hope of preserving their lives rested upon the exertions of their own courage, and the vigour with which they dealt their blows. No loophole to escape by was offered, and they had the sole alternatives to beat back their enemies or sink beneath their weapons. For Laborde, unwilling to open his doors for the admittance of his friends lest his foes should avail themselves of the same means of ingress, deprived those who sought to flee of their only point of security, whilst at the same moment he refused to listen to the entreaties of Duronde to lead forth what force he had to their assistance.

Meanwhile the sergeant of Duronde's division,

an old soldier, who, like his officer had been fortunate in escaping the disasters of the day, allowed not the surprise occasioned by the sudden nature of the attack to affect him long. Speedily collecting as many of his comrades as the darkness would allow, or in the confusion could understand his directions, he formed them into order, and at the head of about a score of veterans, he charged down upon the English force just as the latter were experiencing their first check from the determined and obstinate resistance of their foes. Encountering Kennedy's corps he bore both him and his borderers back, whilst, rallying at his exulting cry, many others came and added to his strength. His force each instant increased by the junction of Piquots and hunters, and of those of his comrades who had been separated from him at first, and yielding to their united exertions the English were compelled to recede towards their bridge, galled in their retreat by a brisk fire from the enemy's hold to which they were exposed by the light of some wood that had

become ignited. From the pressure of their companions in front many of the assailants had re-crossed, whilst those who had remained confusedly heaped together, could scarce offer resistance or avail themselves of their weapons, and numbers of their dead encumbered the ground, the effects of their opponents' discharges, who poured in their fire as quickly as they could reload their weapons. Shrinking from such an exposure many of both Kennedy's and Sure Scent's followers commenced to retreat, in spite of the words and examples of their chiefs, who in vain attempted to dissuade them from such a proceeding.

At this juncture, Martin and Tasharah having succeeded in effecting their passage, arrived at the scene of action. The leaders quickly perceived the straits to which their comrades were reduced, and, coming as readily to their assistance, flung themselves upon the rear of the French.

Observing what aid had arrived, the English

became re-animated, and, returning to the charge, fell upon their enemies' front, who, confounded by the attack upon their rear, offered but a slight resistance, and then sought their safety in flight. But whichever way, in whatever direction, the discomfited Frenchmen fled, they encountered the clubbed rifle, the upraised knife, or the ready tomahawk. Did they trust to their speed, fresh enemies started up in their path, to turn them back upon their pursuers. Opposition was futile, for numbers overcame resistance. The cry for quarter, or the supplication for mercy, were alike uttered in vain. Whilst the prayer was yet upon the lips, the conquerors drove their weapons into the bosoms of those who were beseeching the boon.

Sure Scent, once again in his element, appeared to have thrown off the effects that his melancholy anticipations, concerning the event of this combat to himself, had produced upon his mind: yet many of his friends wondered at the daring, rather than the courage, that he now

displayed; especially, when alone and unsupported, he rushed upon a little knot of desperate enemies. Still he escaped unscathed, and his prophecy seemed far removed from all probability of fulfilment, for during the whole of the preceding fray he had not received the slightest hurt.

Perceiving the victory thus far to be indisputably in the possession of his own party, the old hunter, who considered his fate as inevitable, and firmly believed himself destined to perish, took a determination that in cooler moments he would have spurned as reckless and impracticable; and collecting around him about a score of his command, and being joined by nearly the whole of Kennedy's troop, he resolved upon attacking the Frenchman's dwelling and attempting to carry it by assault.

Provided with one of the branches that had served the purpose of a bridge, but was now intended to be turned into a battering ram, Sure Scent, placing himself at the head of his storm-

ing party, advanced towards the fort, an outer defence but feebly defended, which fell speedily into his possession, and the strong door creaked and complained beneath the vigorous blows of the assailants.

Laborde, though the successes of his enemy had been most unexpectedly rapid, so that scarcely did he make his appearance but he was thundering at his hall-door for admission, yet had not neglected preparations for the reception of any foe that might arrive there. The walls of his residence were well looped, and the Frenchman had with him about three score rifles, half of whom he placed to command the threatened quarter, and dispersing to every point from whence they could annoy their enemies, they opened upon the latter a severe and brisk fire.

Leaving this portion of the garrison to continue their defence, Laborde descended to the lower story of his fortress, for the purpose of putting into execution a plan he had formed for

the destruction of his enemies, or at least of some part of those who were most pressing for his attention.

Previous to entering the interior of the house, it was necessary to pass through a semicircular apartment, the walls of which were looped for fire-arms, and protected by a dry ditch, furnished with spikes and sharpened stakes, and crossed by a bridge only sufficiently broad for one, and which withdrawn, a single arm would be sufficient to keep back a multitude without in the least exposing the defender.

This apartment was now lighted by a couple of torches, formed from resinous wood, that completely revealed each nook. Having distributed his men to their various posts, and taken upon himself to guard the entry, Laborde directed the huge bar and bolts that retained the door to be shot back, which duty one of his followers speedily executed by means of a cord and pulleys. The door flew open, and thrust forward by their companions in the rear, the foremost of the stormers were compelled, against their inclination, to pass

the doorway, that seemed rather to be the admittance to a tomb than the entry of an inhabited though hostile mansion.

Crowding and crushing together, the small space of the apartment rapidly became choked by the living tide, and before a shot was fired, above the shouts and cries of the attacking party who were in vain seeking to find a means of entry, might be distinctly heard the shrieks and execrations of those, who either leaped or were pushed into the armed ditch. The Frenchman made the signal to commence the slaughter by discharging his own weapon, loaded with slugs, among his enemy. His followers obeyed him, and each of their bullets flew laden with death or wound. Though the English fell in vast numbers, yet others speedily arrived to supply their place, and continue the unavailing attempt. Many sought to cross by the bridge formed by the carcases of their comrades; but Laborde was at his post, and with a huge sabre barred all admittance save to the regions of Pluto.

Sickened by the prospect of destruction pre-

sented to them, the assailants now began to perceive the inutility of their attempt. Deprived of their leaders they began to fall back. Kennedy had already been borne away, and the voice of Sure Scent was now no longer heard. The report of a rifle, that many of the hunters knew, might have been distinguished in the tumult proceeding from amid the English just as the latter had commenced to fly. This was explained on the morrow, when the only Piquot left to the besieged, striding among the dead, was employed in depriving them of their scalps —a plenteous harvest—came to the body of a hunter, on whom were three fatal wounds, and who finding his end approaching, had shattered his head to pieces. The Indian at this sight burst forth in broken English, his tone alike betraying admiration and disappointment.

"You tam fine man! Tam fine hunter! Like him big owl. No Injin get yu scalp now. You tam cunning! Like the beaver. Him great warrior."

He over whom this soliloquy was held, and into whose senseless and deadened ears this strange address was poured, was our old friend the hunter, Sure Scent. His prognostications had been fulfilled, and the gift of his soul had been restored to the Great Spirit.

Laborde perceived the wavering of his enemies, and in a minute he had collected his men together, and placed himself at their head. There required no command to be given for the throwing across of the usual bridge. The corpses of his opponents choked the chasm, and presented a ready and secure footing. Without stopping to dispute his passage, the panic stricken English swiftly fled; whilst the Frenchman, without pursuing them farther, contented himself with regaining possession and securing the outer defence that thus had again fallen into his hands.

Whilst the above was proceeding, Vernon led his own corps over the breach the explosion of his mine had effected, and as soon as he had succeeded in restoring order he proceeded to give

directions for the removal of the bush across that he might have cover for his men, and not be compelled, directly the day should dawn, to abandon his dearly purchased conquest. This effected, he gave permission to his troops to seek what rest they could; and stretching themselves upon the ground many rested their heads upon the stone that but a short period before had pillowed some hapless enemy. Gradually sleep asserted his dominion, and the scene passed from one of noise and tumult to peace and almost perfect stillness.

When the day dawned, and Vernon was enabled to enumerate the loss he had sustained, he found it to exceed even what his worst anticipations had led him to expect. Sure Scent was missing, and Kennedy so badly wounded as not even to leave a hope to his most sanguine friends that he would long survive; whilst the division he had commanded was so wofully reduced as hardly to be able to number half a score. The native warriors, however, had not

suffered much, and there still remained between two and three hundred rifles with which to carry on the siege.

Laborde had caused a balcony to be erected at each of his upper windows, protected in front by a row of palisades, from behind which his men fired in perfect safety upon their enemies whenever the latter, from negligence or otherwise, exposed themselves to view To deprive his opponents of the shelter they thus were in possession of, was necessary alike for his own convenience and for the annoyance of the other, and the Major proceeded to give his directions for the execution of the plan he had determined upon.

Placing his men opposite to the entrance, he made his dispositions in such a manner as to lead his adversaries to believe he was purposing a fresh attack, so that he might draw the latter's attention away from the point in reality menaced.

Whilst from the wood which had fallen into

his possession some of his men were manufacturing several strong boxes, he caused three stout nails to be bent, and with their points presented outwards, to be firmly bound to a cord with which he had not forgotten to provide himself. The boxes were speedily completed—filled with powder, and their lids firmly secured. Each was provided with a tube charged, and passed by means of a small hole into the midst of its contents.

The Major gave the word, and these novel descriptions of bombs were cast, each having its match ignited. A minute elapsed before the silence that now suddenly reigned was broken by the loud crash of successive explosions, which shook the house to its foundation, and broke into pieces the defences they were intended to destroy; but wherever this was not thoroughly effected, and where portions of the frame-work still remained, the cord was flung, and its hooks catching in the shattered remnant soon removed what the other had spared. The interior of the

Frenchman's dwelling was now laid open, and the besiegers awaited with ready weapons for the appearance of an enemy who should seek to ascertain the extent, or repair the damage they had caused.

Hoping that the success which had attended his stratagem would have rendered his opponent more inclined to listen to terms of surrender, especially since his position had become so circumscribed and exposed, Major Vernon a second time sent a messenger bearing the same offers as he had previously made.

"No, Major," observed the woodsman who had borne the summons; "the Frenchman's tough as iron; he won't give it up, he says, whilst there's a shot left in his bag; but I think as how it's all talk, and he'll be different by and bye, for I guess he's pretty near drunk, he talks so queerly, and his eyes are like an Injian's in a rage."

"Did you repeat to him my terms, and explain to him that the exposure of his situation is well known to me?" inquired Vernon, without

regarding the insinuation of his follower concerning the sobriety of his adversary.

"Oh! that I did. I said all that you told me to; but the Frenchman didn't seem at all up to what you wanted of him, and a good reason why he shouldn't be, for he's as near drunk as one beaver skin is like another."

Perceiving that negociation was not in the least likely to produce an effect upon his resolute adversary, the Major proceeded to plan in what manner force might be rendered more available, and for the present we will leave him to the execution of his projects.

CHAPTER IX.

I saw wrapt round him the death-shroud,
A thin and vap'ry veil:
'Twas misty as a morning cloud,
And floated round him pale,

* * * *

Now friends crowd round, and one is nigh,
Who'd, if her will had power,
Have bid him rise, no longer sigh,
And be in health that hour.

FROM the moment that in flight before his enemies Laborde had returned to his home, a rapid and perceptible change had been coming over him. To support his strength, he had partaken of large quantities of spirits which, whilst it added to his animal force, had shaken that of his

mental. For many days, unrefreshed by rest, and the continual sport of the most violent passions, which either had incited him to an act that he could not but regard with horror, or indulged hopes which when most alluring had experienced the irritating depression of disappointment, his mind had become confused, heated, and disturbed. His life, up to the present, one career of vice, dissipation, and of crime, had added nothing to the strength of the principle of thought, that now assailed so powerfully, whilst its foundations had been mined, shook, leant and crumbled beneath the pressure.

Conscious of the approach of his adversary, the Frenchman in vain sought to repel its advances. In vain he sought to rally round him the portions of his soul nigh fled. He felt perfectly aware of the state towards which he was hastening, but to stay himself was impossible. As in sleep, he beheld some horrid phantom draw near; but, worse than motionless, he could neither flee from nor avoid its foul embrace.

On it came, passing across his mind, as some dark cloud veils the surface of the sun. As the shadows occasioned by its presence grew darker, his power of resisting its baneful influence became weaker. Scarce could he restrain himself from the incoherent expressions that folly was continually prompting him to utter. His manners gradually appeared stranger, as madness banished reason from her seat, and tore the sceptre from her feeble hands. His head racked—the fever spread itself throughout his frame; and ere the mind had gone, its possessor was conscious of the desertion. When the morning came, the fell disease had established its power.

It was now that the explosions by which was effected the destruction of his defences became heard. Springing in the air and uttering an Indian yell, he exclaimed, "Hark! Dos't hear them now? I knew they would come, though Alice did attempt to stay them. Listen, Duronde: my father has sent me cannon."

"Your father!" said the young officer, sur-

prised at the wildness that pervaded his actions and tone: "What mean you? Are you unfit to give directions? Say so, and I will act in your place."

"Hist!" replied Laborde whispering, whilst he fixed his eyes upon a corner of the apartment and retreated behind Duronde, as though he beheld some object, the sight of which was painful and which he feared might overhear him—"Hist! speak not so loud, or she will listen to what you say. But what does Vincent here? Do you see, Duronde, his left temple? I did it, but I am innocent: they told me so—he wanted to rob me. I cannot bear it longer. Turn them out, do, Duronde. See, he threatens me. His face is bloody. How pale, how cold, Alice looks! The water took away the rose, and left the lily in its place. When I wished—"

"Surely!" exclaimed Duronde, whilst he experienced an emotion of fear, for Maria had succeeded in conveying to him an account of her situation, and he had promised to protect her

from every violence, and he now trembled lest it was of her Laborde spoke. "Surely you would not dare to be such a monster, and to place her blood upon our hands, whilst her father is at your very doors? If such a fiendish act—"

"No, no!" muttered Laborde, interrupting him, and whose scattered senses had for the minute been recalled by the energetic tone of the young Frenchman, "she is not hurt—she is above, in her room. But see," he continued, relapsing into his former state, "how they are all mouthing at me!"

Duronde was about to reply, when a messenger from the besiegers was announced; the latter being admitted, detailed the offers of which he was the bearer, which were the same as he had formerly delivered.

Laborde listened with apparent attention to his words, but when he had concluded he refused, in a wild rambling tone, accompanied with the strangest gestures, every term of capitulation.

The messenger dismissed, Duronde observed,

"You have rejected the offers of our opponent, which certainly are, considering our situation, most fair and liberal; we must now prepare ourselves for a desperate resistance. I will examine the extent of the mischief we have sustained, and how far it is in our power to repair it."

"No, I will go!" replied Laborde, "but do not let them follow me; when I am gone, stand you by the door, and let not either pass; touch him on the temple, ha! ha!" he laughed, "I made that sore for him. She is very gentle, speak kindly to her and she will listen—now then, Duronde."

As he spoke he rushed out of the room, seeming to imagine himself capable by the swiftness of his flight to deprive the phantoms, his diseased imagination had conjured up, of the power to accompany him. He rapidly mounted the ladder or rude steps that served to connect one portion

of his house with the other; arrived at the top he in vain attempted to cast the communication down, but it was too firmly secured, and defied the utmost exertion of his strength. The approaching footsteps of Duronde, whom the suddenness of his action had deprived of the power of arresting him, now met his ear; abandoning his fruitless task, he entered an apartment that was connected with the one occupied by Maria; closing the door he immediately assured himself from interruption, in whatever plan he was meditating, by passing the bolt.

The room was still full of smoke, and lying upon the ground blackened by the fire, and bleeding from a wound in his head, caused by a splinter of wood, was the body of the sentry who had been placed in this apartment as a guard upon the motions of Maria. Attracted by the noise of the falling missile, he had approached it but in time to be destroyed by its explosion.

Observing the corpse, Laborde proceeded to-

wards it, and raising its head in his arms, he said,

"Fool! was it I that killed you? did you attempt to rob me also? ah!" he continued, dashing it upon the ground, as though he imagined it bore resemblance to some other that he liked not, "will you always be with me? I know you well, Vincent Cunningham, you look so like to Alice. But you shall soon be different."

As he finished speaking he commenced stamping upon the countenance of the dead as though he were desirous of removing the lineaments that troubled him. Seeing a rifle near, he seized it in his hands, and with it speedily had battered into an undistinguishable mass each feature. Sprinkled with blood and brains, he paused to contemplate with apparent satisfaction the result of his labour, when his eye falling upon the door that communicated with the next chamber, reminded him of his designs upon, and the proximity of his prisoner.

"Ay!" he exclaimed, "lay you there, I have

not yet done with you," then striding across the room he opened the door and entered the apartment.

Maria shrieked as he made his appearance, and terrified by the wildness of his aspect she sought to escape.

"Ah! gentle bird," he said, "I like your singing, you are not so quiet as Alice was; it was she that bid me kiss you—you cannot escape, I have fiends, devils to help me, and to bring you back even were you to fly away."

As he spoke, he endeavoured to seize her, but his foot slipping, tripped him, and the time he took to recover himself, allowed her an opportunity of passing into the outer apartment. She rushed towards the window, he followed and held her, the very instant she was about to spring forth. Grasping part of the framework, she resisted as well as she was able his efforts to drag her away.

Paralysed by the unexpected appearance first of Maria, and immediately afterwards of Laborde,

the majority of the beseigers were so overwhemed with surprise as to be unable to pull a trigger in the aid of the former; and they whose nerves were of a stronger mould were fearful of attempting the destruction of their foeman's leader lest their ball should enter the bosom of Maria, who, from her position, almost completely shielded the person of the Frenchman. Many a rifle was raised, pointed, and then sunk as the marksman uncertain of his aim forbore to fire. The hand of many a hunter, no danger could have caused to quake, now trembled from agitation like that of the veriest child.

The strength of the maid now began to desert her. Laborde perceived her increasing weakness, and renewed his efforts. In another instant Maria would have been his. But before that instant could expire, and breaking the breathless silence of suspence that reigned, was heard the exulting whoop of the Mohawk Chief, which followed the discharge of his unerring weapon.

Quitting his grasp, and staggering to the opposite side of the window, Laborde, supporting himself with his right, shook his left arm at his foes, exclaiming, "Fire! fire! pierce me as you will. Alice will have me—Vincent beckons—"

His further speech was stopped; for, recovering from their torpor, and no longer having the fear of injuring Maria before their eyes, more than a score of rifles were leveled upon his defenceless person and poured their bullets with fatal accuracy into his exposed body. Leaping forwards, his corpse turned in the air, and fell with a crash below. A shout from the besiegers who witnessed this event conveyed the joyful tidings to their comrades. If terrestrial sounds were still perceptible to the ear of the departed, or if the spirit yet lingered around its clay, it must have started at the cry of gladness with which its separation was so loudly greeted.

Duronde, had he been willing to continue the defence of the fort, would have found himself unable to do so from the disposition manifested

by the garrison, and yielding to their wishes he surrendered upon the terms that already had been twice refused. In a short period Vernon clasped, with emotions of parental joy, his daughter to his bosom.

It was some minutes before Tasharah appeared, and when he did, beneath his vest was concealed, so as not to offend the sensitive sight of her whom he desired to please, a fresh and gory scalp.

Although we may not relate that the two lovers sprang into each others arms, for as such must we regard them, though the one was the most renowned leader among a brave and then potent nation, whilst the other was the fair child of a gallant officer, yet must we confess that the countenance of the Chief could not even preserve its hardness of expression, and in spite of his attempted stoicism his features brightened and betrayed the ill-concealed pleasure of his soul, and when he took Maria's hand in his a moisture spread over her eyes, whilst a tremu-

lous motion seemed imparted to her whole frame.

Maria had commenced rallying Tasharah upon some slight changes that had taken place in his attire, evidently betraying a lurking desire to return to his old costume, and he was about to reply when his defence was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger from Kennedy. The young borderer, finding himself upon the brink of eternity, had sent one of his comrades to request the presence of the Major and his daughter, as well as that of his more fortunate rival, between whom and himself, up to the present moment, there had existed anything but amity. The remembrance of their quarrel had been aggravated by the passions of jealousy and contempt, and still rankled in the bosom of either.

In a small hut, constructed by his fellow woodsmen, and upon a bed of leaves and moss, many of which had changed their original shade of green for a color of a more reddened hue, was

placed the body of the young borderer, faint from the loss of blood and the effects of suffering. The anguish, however, occasioned to him by his wounds was never permitted to betray itself, and he endured them with a constancy and resolution that would have done credit to the heroism of an Indian warrior. Nigh him, and attending with the solicitude of a brother, was his comrade Martin, who occasionally supplied him with water to quench the feverish thirst that continually tormented him.

He raised himself upon his arm at the entrance of Maria and her father, whilst a sensation of gratitude passed across his bosom when he perceived that the Chief had consented to forget his resentment and formed one of the party. Then speaking, whilst his voice was vastly altered from the one that once could boast of having the loudest powers of whoop, and of being able to make itself heard above the din of battle, he said:

"Thank you, Miss Vernon, for coming. You

see them Frenchmen have done for me, and I'm fast going. The great cowards to fire away from behind walls, and windows, and doors. I only wish I'd been there when they showed their faces. But it's no use wishing now. We've given them a licking, and I shall never be at another. I beg your pardon for calling you to the dirty shanty of a fast dying man, when perhaps you were much happier;" and here the voice of the speaker grew huskier, whilst he passed his hand across his face to wipe away what his manhood would not allow him to betray; "but you see," he continued, "I thought you mightn't much mind just making me easy before I died, for the sound of your voice, and the sight of your pretty face, is much better than all the stuffs they sell down the country."

"Indeed," replied Maria, who desired to encourage the wounded man, and who at first conceived that he desponded more than his wounds were serious, "I feel both pleased and happy that you sent to me, and should have on the con-

trary been grieved had you permitted yourself to be influenced by a mistaken notion and not have done so. As soon as it is possible, my father will have you removed to the more comfortable rooms of the fort; to the accommodation of which you can lay some claim on account of your exertions to obtain possession of them, and where, as some return for the efforts you have made for my rescue, and on my behalf, I will tend you myself. There is no need to despair, for after what you have said you surely ought upon this promise to recover perfectly."

"No, Miss;" said Kennedy, with a mournful shake of his head, whilst yet a smile of pleasure lighted up his countenance from the offer of Maria, the prospect of which pleased him, whilst his heart too truly told him that he would never experience its fulfilment. "No, Miss, I feel that I shall never get over it, though it is very kind of you for telling me I may. I don't know," he continued, after a short pause, "but that I'm a

good deal happier I'm going. I don't care about living, and would much sooner die ; for though I ought to be pleased you've got who you like, and though Tasharah's as fine a Chief as ever took a scalp, or handled a tomahawk, yet I never could bear to see him have you. So perhaps after all it's for the best that I got so precious riddled, as I never could let him alone, and we'd be having a row some day when it would be as likely I'd kill him as he would me. So you see it's not so bad after all; I never shall leave this but when they take me out to my grave. There's a little thing I'd wish you to do for me, only I don't exactly like to ask it of you."

"If there be anything in my power that I can do, you may name it, without fear of offence, and I will promise its performance; for you have shown yourself too eager in my cause to be denied," said Maria, who now began to perceive that hopes of recovery were vain for the young woodsman, and that the only office a friend could

render would be to smooth the passage of the traveller towards the gates of the unknown land.

"Thank you," returned Frank with many marks of delight. "It isn't for a very great thing I'm going to ask, and what you can give me without much missing yourself, though to me it's worth more than would be a hundred handfuls of dollars. Would you promise, when I'm gone, that you would let them bury with me that thing you wear about your neck. It would make me feel so happy to think I should always have something near me that used to touch you."

"I promise you this, and to show that I am in earnest I will give it to you directly," said Maria, taking from off her neck a scarf, and placing it in the hands of the borderer, pleased beyond the expression of words at the gift. "Does this," continued Maria, "complete the catalogue of your wishes, or is there yet something?"

"There was one thing more I was going to say, but I'm afraid you mightn't think it quite right," replied Kennedy, after he had bound the scarf across his bosom, and secured it with a knot above his heart.

"Tell me the wish, and if it is possible it shall be observed."

"Why, Miss, I should like, when they've covered me up with the earth, if you'd just put something into the ground over me, that my spirit, as the Indians say, might rest upon the branches or smell the flowers you had planted."

"This also I will promise. Name what you would wish, and if I have to return to put the seed into the earth it shall be planted."

"Thank you," said the woodsman, to whom a certain promise of inheriting paradise would not have been half so pleasureable as the one he had just heard. "If you would just drop an acorn into the ground; for you see, the oak lasts longer than any other wood before it dies. My

spirit would be well pleased to see it grow up into a tall tree."

"I will do as you request, and Tasharah shall obtain me the seed."

"I wish I could only say all that's upon my tongue, and tell you, how much I thank you for your kindness in saying you'd do all this," observed Kennedy, who then addressed the Mohawk in the Indian tongue: "Tasharah, there has been a cloud between us. Will my brother blow it away?"

"The face of a warrior is bright. May the path of my brother to the hunting grounds of his people be easy and smooth," replied the Chief, extending his hand. Kennedy shook it, and then enquired, "Where is Sure Scent? It's not often he's away when a friend's legs are getting heavy, and a long trail to be tramped is before his eyes."

"Were my brother," said Tasharah, "to look towards the hunter's star, he would see the

spirits of the Iroquois dancing for a hunter that they know has his face towards them."

"Ah! and has he gone too? He can't be a great way ahead. His marks will be fresh, and he's always quite sure of his path. I shall just have to keep on them, and then am I all right," observed Frank with a faint smile, and turning to Vernon, he continued, "You'll shake hands, won't you, Major, and say, 'good by?'"

The old officer presented his hand, at the same time offering a few words expressive of hopes, that the woodsman might find himself deceived. These the latter acknowledged, whilst he remarked that such wishes were vain; and then said to Maria, "I feel how very kind you've been, Miss, so I won't ask you to stay. I must be off soon, and it isn't a nice thing for a young lady to see one die. No, no!" he continued, perceiving she was about to offer some

objection, "I don't want you to stop. I shouldn't die right like if you were by."

The desire of the borderer was complied with, and, having made their adieux, they left him to the care of his friend and comrade.

CHAPTER X.

The ivy climbs along the crested wall,
Rankly the grass usurps the ruined hall,
Where sound of revelry is heard no more.
And echo now can scarce repeat a sound,
Save the sad tones that sometimes rise around,
When winds chase winds along each corridor.

In after years when peace had been restored, a traveller bending his steps towards the wilderness, was passing over a richly and well cultivated tract of territory, and pleased by the appearance of abundance and prosperity presented on every side, had paused to gaze upon the cheerful prospect, and rest his jaded steed. Not far from him was a youth reining a fiery and

impatient courser that early he was teaching obedience to his will, and who sat and guided his animal with the grace, dexterity, and strength of maturer age.

The stranger advanced nearer to regard the exercises of the horseman, by whom he was speedily accosted. Charmed by the frank and engaging manners of his young acquaintance, the former readily consented to accept the offers of hospitality made him, and followed his guide to what was evidently the most noble habitation of the neighbourhood.

Here he was introduced to the remainder of the family, the father of which alone was absent. The mother, though verging towards the shady side of life, still bore evident marks of beauty; but the cestus had only left her to gird her daughters, two lovely maids just attaining the age when a woman commences to be conscious of her beauty, and to recognize the power that is at her disposal.

Another boy, but of a far darker complexion

than is usual among the children of the land of Savannah and of forest, completed the smiling and contented circle.

Pressed by matters of import, the guest was unable to tarry, and with many and sincere thanks for the kindness he had experienced, he bade farewell to his entertainers. As he went he inquired of one whom he met the history of those to whom he was indebted. The tale we have related was repeated to him, and he found his host and hostess to have been Tasharah and Maria. The Mohawk Chief, united to "the fair maiden," had gradually dropped his Indian notions, and become as active and industrious a cultivator of the extensive possessions he inherited by right of himself and wife as he had formerly been a fierce and indefatigable warrior and hunter. Whilst he attended to the education of his sons in the manly and more athletic sports, they received instruction in the other branches of study from Mr. Marshall, who during their youth officiated as their preceptor, and on the

Sabbath lectured according to desire to a numerous and attentive congregation.

Another lapse of years had passed, and the stranger traveller had crossed into the Canadian frontier. Some ruins met his eye. He turned and asked, "Who lived there? do yonder relics yet retain a name?"

"We call it," said the guide, "Le Chateau Brulé. It once belonged to the Count Laborde."

"How is it," the stranger again inquired, "that yon oak still remains to cast its shade upon the ripening corn? Ah!" he continued, "whose grave is that?"

"I know not," the guide replied. "We call it here Le Tombeau du Chasseur."

THE END.

T. C. Newby, Printer, 30, Welbeck street, Cavendish-square.

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